Steady Rush Keeps Up for Junior Birdmen's Eagle Bar Exam Sheets

GROUP B GIRL GIVEN FIRST GRADE OF 100

Questions Give All Members a Chance to Gain Aviation Data, Win Ace Rank Later

By L. F. ROSS
Boston Wing Commander

With thousands of members from every state in the union applying weekly for the Eagle membership rank in the Junior Birdmen organization, the popularity of wearing the Eagle bar attached to the regular wing pin is gaining rapidly.

Reports from all wing cities, including Boston, show a steady rush for Eagle examination since this feature was inaugurated two or three weeks ago.

Already hundreds of boys and girls have qualified and have received their white and gold Eagle bar. These include both senior and junior members.

Junior Birdwomen may well be proud of the fact that the first, and so far the only, 100 per cent in New England has been attained by a girl, Alice Buckley, 14, of Newburyport.

There have been a number of grades of 97 and over including those of Lloyd Mahoney, of Bedford; Jean Hill, of Newburyport and John Hammon, of Jamaica Plain.

The purpose of the Eagle examinations, whereby Junior Birdmen may become members of Eagle rank after serving as fledging for at least three months, is not to test their aviation knowledge but to encourage them to seek that knowledge which they do not already have. That is the reason that applicants are permitted to look up reference books and seek advice from adults in preparing their test papers.

The examination is not a difficult one and only a few members fail to pass with a grade of 70 or more. And those who do fail are given another opportunity to make good.

LIST OF 40 QUERIES

The 20 test questions divided into two parts each, making 40 questions in all pertain to aviation history, planes, famous pilots and flying and model work that every Junior Birdman should know.

If you been a Junior Birdman or Junior Birdwoman for three months or more and want to win this coveted Eagle bar, simply write to the Boston wing commander for an examination sheet, enclosing ten cents postage for reply. You will then receive the four-page questionnaire which you fill out and return to headquarters. Within a few days you will receive your Eagle bar which you can attach to your gold or silver wing pin.

ACE HIGHEST RANK

By obtaining an Eagle bar you will be eligible three months later to take the examination for Ace, the highest ranking membership in the Junior Birdmen. Winning an Ace bar will be a real distinction.

In addition to the written Ace test, it will be necessary for the member to build a model of his own and fly it for a specified time. Unlike the Eagle tests, the aspirante for Ace must appear in person and take the examination in the presence of the wing commander or designated directors.

The Ace rank will be more difficult to obtain than the Eagle but once the grade is made, it will bestow special honor on the member.

To take the examination for the Ace bar, the member must be an Eagle for at least three months. That is why it is important for all fledglings to take the Eagle test just as soon as they have ended three months as members of the Junior Birdmen.

Dictionary

Today is the 35th list of definitions of air terms, words and phrases in the dictionary feature. The study of these definitions will aid you in understanding much of the subject matter that will be included in the special Junior Birdmen air course, prepared for this page by the United States Department of Air Commerce, which will be published in serial form beginning late in September.

Ground Speed—The quantity of aerostatic gas required to maintain an aerostat for one hour.

Hook—Attachment on emergency gear attached to a land plane which permits it to stop on wire and return to flight.

Gear (Ground)—The gear necessary for the landing and standing of the airship on the ground.

Geared Propeller—A propeller driven through gearing, generally at some speed other than engine speed.

Geo-Aware Speed—The air speed at which a seaplane becomes air-born in comparatively short distance and maintained in flight by air equilibrium.

GIRDER—A metal beam structure used in the construction of a rigid aerostat.

GLAND—A short tube fitted to an envelope or gas bag of an aerostat through a rope or line may be slipped through it without escape of gas or air.

GLIDE—A gradual descent of a craft in the air at a normal angle of attack with little or no thrust.

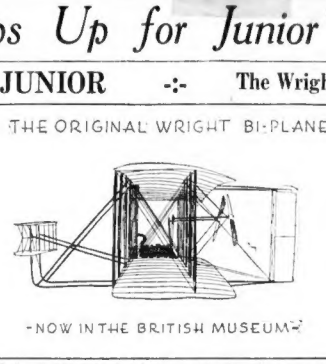
GLIDING—A landing in which a steady glide is maintained to the landing surface without the usual leveling-off before contact.

GLIDER—A heavier-than-air craft, similar to an airplane, without a power plant (motor).

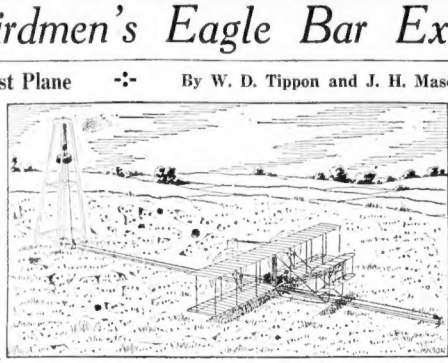
What are the three general types of gliders? Can you name them? They will be enumerated and defined in list No. 36 of our Air Dictionary which will appear on this page next Sunday.

AIR-MINDED JUNIOR -:- The Wright's First Plane -:- By W. D. Tippon and J. H. Mason

"Dad, last week you said you would tell me how the Wright brothers increased the time of their glider flights."



"Well, Junior, the Wright brothers increased their glider flights by doing what no man had heretofore attempted. They added a motor to their glider, which made it no longer a glider, but man's first airplane. They did this in 1903. On September 23 of that year they took their first airplane to Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Their new craft looked very much like a glider. It had double elevators in front and double rudders behind. The engine had four cylinders through a sprocket and chain drive. The engine weighed 179 pounds, or one horsepower for 15.9 pounds of weight.



"It had no landing gear except skids. To assist in taking off, the Wrights used a monorail track of iron-shod wood. Upon this the plane was mounted with the skids just clearing the sand. A falling weight in a tower was connected to the airplane by a cable and pulleys. This helped gain speed for the 'takeoff.' As soon as the airplane reached the end of the track the cable was disconnected and the plane would fly. In anticipating your question of why the airplane flies, next week I will describe this point to you, so that you may carry on with a definite understanding of what we are talking about."

DAILY SAIL TO CAPE OFFERED AT HALF RATE

Watch Boston American for the Coupons; Clip Them and Enjoy This Delightful Trip

Beginning next Tuesday, the Cape Cod Steamship Co. will inaugurate a new service for its patrons, a daily sail to Provincetown on the steamer Dorothy Bradford at a half fare rate.

In order to obtain the half rate, it will be necessary for excursionists to clip from the Boston Evening American the coupons that will be published in editions, beginning Tuesday.

When these coupons are presented, the half fare ticket will be issued for the same trip from Boston to Provincetown and return.

The Provincetown sail is one of the most beautiful anywhere along the Atlantic coast. The steamer drops down across Massachusetts bay and for 125 miles east the excursionist has a long view of the Cape Cod towns and its picturesque Provincetown at the end of the ride.

Returning, the lights of water craft and lights ashore begin to twinkle, the stars come out above and the moon throws a long, silvery sheen on the tossing waters.

It is a ride well worth your taking and now, on this fine, all-day cruise, you may take the whole family and enjoy the half rate.

Merely clip the coupons in the Boston Evening American, beginning Tuesday.

FLIGHT UNITS' ACTIVITY GAINS

John Burwell's Mattapan Squadron, No. 4, has an unique system of organization. The group is divided into flights of eight members, each with their own charter and officers. Earl Dahl is commander, James Cotter, captain and Bob Garber, sergeant-at-arms of Flight A.

This squadron is active in model building and usually enters into the Birdmen activities in a body. Now that vacations are over, they are planning many fall activities.

Other members also back from summer camps and resorts, are reuniting with their groups and getting all set to head into a gale of new activities.

Following are a few of the reports received:

Squadron No. 15

Another derby is planned by Squadron No. 15, commanded by Leonard Wittenberg of Roxbury, one month after their first one. This derby is to include only members of Flight B, with flight A members acting as judges.

On September 15 Manuel Ford and Charles Freeman will take the affirmative in a debate with Melvin Lebowitz and Julius Epstein on the resolution that "Modern Aviation Is as Safe as Automobiling."

So many neighbors are applying for admission to this live squadron that they have adopted a system of advancement in order to weed out those only half interested.

Squadron No. 28

The Lieutenant Ross Dare Devils, Squadron No. 28, commanded by Abraham Tarbhouin of Roxbury, report they have adopted an insignia fashioned by Herbert Wise. It is an eagle with a shield on its body on which number 28 is printed. The talons hold model gliders. Over this is a semi-halo in different colors bearing the motto Semper Paratus (Always Ready). Herbert also gave a talk at the last meeting on aviation. It was decided to attend a theater in a body. Two new members have been elected—Annette Friedman and Easter Shaller.

SQUADRON NO. 24

The Flying Falcons, of which John Bianchi of Worcester, is commander, held its sixth meeting on August 3. Captain Joseph Capite conducted the meeting in the absence of Commander Bianchi. Financial matters were discussed and a decision reached to send in as many funnybones as possible in the hope of adding a dollar to the squadron's treasury.

SQUADRON NO. 47

Thirteen members of Roxbury Squadron, No. 47, have been at Camp Storrow in Westwood.

Plans are being made for a treasure hunt for which a prize of a scale model kit will be given. Two turtles have been added as mascots. Commander Edward Munzing reports his squadron is growing fast and that new members over 16 will be welcomed.

Los Angeles Picked for Lawyer Parley

Milwaukee, Wis. Sept. 1 (AP)—The Executive Committee of The American Bar Association today selected Los Angeles, Calif., as the 1935 convention city.

GET YOUR -- WINGS --

"The Junior Birdmen of America is a nation wide organization. Membership is open to all boys and girls 10 to 21 years of age. Juniors 10 to 16 receive silver membership wings and insignia. Seniors 16 to 21 receive gold wings."

JUNIOR BIRDMEN OF AMERICA

Boston American — Boston Sunday Advertiser Wing

I wish to become a member of the Junior Birdmen of America. I enclose a ten-cent coin (well wrapped) to cover the cost of my membership materials.

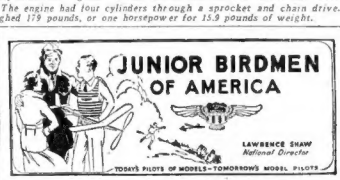
My name .....

My address .....

My city ..... State.....

My age now is.....GIVE YOUR CORRECT AGE

Members 10 to 16 will receive silver membership. Members 16 to 21 will receive gold membership.



By LAWRENCE SHAW
National Director

Greetings, members! During the recent change of our Junior Birdman column and features from the daily schedule to our present new Sunday feature page, one important activity seems to have been overlooked. Our "Writers Club Unit" has taken a few nose dives, wing overs and Immelmans and disappeared completely from sight, and today we are bringing it back to the fold. for the hundreds of members whohave written in asking about it.

First, let me tell you what it is all about.

The "Writers Club Unit" is a group of Junior Birdmen who, in addition to being interested in flight squadron activities, model plane work, and the many valuable features in which members participate, are also anxious to learn of organization activities and model work carried on by members in other parts of the country.

There are Junior Birdmen members in every state and members in Maine want to know what members in New Mexico are doing. Our weekly page does not permit an exhaustive report of this valuable news, but the "Writers Club Unit" will give you opportunity of securing it first hand.

Making New Friends Of Birdmen Members

Any member of the Junior Birdmen may join this unique work by merely sending a post card to his or her local wing commander, stating that he or she wishes to join the "Writers Club Unit" and receive a list of other Birdmen and birdwomen throughout the country with whom correspondence may be started. In this way you can write to members in any wing territory you wish, and establish a group of friends who are interested in the same sport, the same problems, and the same activities that you are.

Be sure, when writing in your name for membership in this group, which costs you nothing, that you give your full name, address and age. Your name will be sent to national headquarters in New York, where a list of all "Writers Club" members will be published and a copy sent to you.

Applications for membership in the "Writers Club Unit" will be accepted at local headquarters until September 15.

That is all there is to it, and you will find the most interesting and exciting correspondence you have ever started.

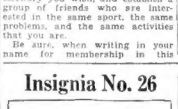
Air Course for Junior Birdmen

Here's good news, members. Next week every Junior Birdman will be back from country and seashore, camp and mountains. Vacations are over, school is starting, and the Junior Birdmen organization is ready to start on its big fall schedule. Complete announcement of activities, features and special articles will be published on this page next Sunday.

News of the Junior Birdmen Air Course, which will start on this page shortly, will also be published next Sunday. This course, especially prepared for the Junior Birdmen by the United States Bureau of Air Commerce, will contain four sections: history, mechanics, navigation and flying. You won't want to miss it.

HAPPY LANDINGS!

Insignia No. 26



THIS COMET-LIKE design is the insignia of the 22d Observation Squadron, located at Brooks Field, Texas.

Model Race Open at Brockton Fair

All Junior Birdmen have been invited to compete in model plane contests at the Brockton Fair, on September 10. There will be four events for juniors and four events for seniors including hand-launched, fuselage models, scale models and stunt flying.

Entry blanks and details may be obtained by writing to the Model Plane Contest Director, Brockton Fair. A dozen Greater Boston entries have already been received.

INDOOR DERBY BEING PLANNED

With the award of the William Randolph Hearst trophy to Robert Meagher, 18, of New York, in the national outdoor model plane derby at Washington, all Junior Birdmen are looking forward to early winter when indoor model plane meets will be held in all wing cities, including Boston, and the wing champions will be sent to Detroit to decide the national indoor championship.

Details of the indoor contests and prizes will be published on this page later.

The New York winner of the outdoor meet receives his choice of a trip to Europe or a $500 aviation school scholarship. Walter E. Beisle, of Chicago, winner of second place, and Edward Guth, of Syracuse, winner of third place, also receive scholarships. Torrey Capo, of Quincy, the New England champion, won the twin pusher event with a record of 9 minutes, 48.5 seconds. He will be an entrant in the coming indoor meet in Boston.

Milk Firm Faces Loss of License

Charged with violating its obligations under the new milk license, the Seven Oaks Dairy Company of Somerville was ordered yesterday by the Farm Administration to show why its license to distribute milk in Boston should not be suspended or revoked and given until Sept. 11 to do so.

The AAA charges that the company has made no payments to the distributors' adjustment account or to the funds required for market supervision.

12 SELECTED IN FUNNYBONES

A conscientious student was taking his first "dizzy jump and doing it exactly according to instructions. "One—two—three!" he intoned, pulling off with his eyes shut. "One—two—three!" he said again, louder this time. Then with a final bellow "One—two—three; is this thing deaf? I've counted three times and it hasn't opened yet!"

Aviator: "Do you think this wing will stand up?"

Mechanic: "Well, I wouldn't bank on it."

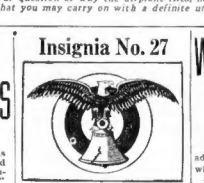
These two jokes won $1 each for Raymond E. Townsend, of Jamaica Plain and Albert Leighton, of Pawtucket, R. I.

The names of the ten lucky winners of two tickets each for the Vermont Thrill Circus are as follows: Lyman Bates, Jr., of Revere; Jack Perelmann, of Somerville; Charles Terrio, of Medford; Al Waskie, of Boston; Carl Renholm, and George Wallace, of Cambridge; Walter Rowe, Jr., of Roxbury; Robert Vahan, of Boston; Kenneth Budgell, of Brighton and Morton Rabinow, of Mattapan.

SHOOTS MOUNTAIN LION

Julian, Cal., Sept. 1—J. D. McCain, rancher, thought it was a raccoon when he took aim at a patch of fur and fired through the branches of a tree.

Insignia No. 27



A PATRIOTIC spirit is incorporated into the insignia of the 8th Attack Squadron of the United States Air Force, which is located at Fort Crockett, Texas.

Bennett on Way to League Talks

Quebec, Sept. 1 (AP)—Prime Minister R. B. Bennett boarded the liner Empress of Britain here today on his way to attend the session of the League of Nations assembly as chief Canadian delegate.

The Canadian premier will have a six weeks respite from his duties as head of the Canadian government, though it is expected he will transact a few official duties on behalf of Canada while he is in England and on the continent.

KINGFISHER ROBS FISHPOOL

Janesville, Wis., Sept. 1—Goldfish fanciers here were mystified by the disappearance of more than 400 denizens of their pools until a kingfisher was seen plunging into the water to leave with wriggling golden prey in its claws.

WRESTLERS AT TOPSFIELD FAIR

Professional wrestling will be an added attraction at Topsfield Fair, which opens Wednesday.

On Wednesday night there will be four bouts. Johnny Iovanna of Quincy will meet Jackie Nichols. Other bouts will be between Cyclone Jenkins of Chicago and Fred Bruno of New York, Driller Hawkes of Danvers and Bill Rudy of Portland and Louis Foote of Salem and Dr. L. Aitchuler, who combines grappling and medicine.

Thursday night the competition will be furnished by Cowboy Hughes of Oklahoma and Mike Tellegen, the Ukranian wildman; Dropkick Murphy of Alabama and King Kong of Hollywood, Farmer Raymond of Iowa and Jack Spanks of New York, Jim Spencer of Bates College and Eddie Adams of Worcester.

A blue ribbon baby show will be a feature of the opening day. Entrants may be between three months and three years. Prizes will be given for physical development and health, rather than for beauty.

Mighty men with the axe will be on view Thursday, in a wood chopping contest. Residents of Essex and Middlesex are eligible. Winners will be entered in the finals of a wood-chopping contest to be held at Greenfield Fair, September 10, 11 and 12.

News of the Automotive World

CURB OF CODE DRAWN TIGHTER

"The automotive retailing code is of as much interest to the public as to the dealer himself because it affords the public certain protection never before known in this industry; such as elimination of excessive finance charges, proper allowances for used cars, and assurance that new cars have not been driven with speedometers disconnected," stated A. F. Welburn, general manager of the State code commissioner, in an interview yesterday.

"Our code has been in operation for a period of a little over nine months, and today, with the definite assurance that Gen. Hugh Johnson, assistant counsel for the NRA, and with the approval of Donald Richberg, chief counsel, that authenticated cases of code violation by granting excessive trade allowance will be treated as Interstate Commerce and prosecuted in Federal courts, permanent injunctions are being granted, which should have a restraining influence on the small percentage of dealers who are not adhering to the code.

"This, added to the support of the purchaser, will give added protection to the buying of cars. It will cease to be a fight for lawyers and automobile mechanics, and will become one that can be performed by the automobile fear of being unfairly dealt with.

Auburn Hail Faulkner's Return

Connersville, Ind., Sept. 1—Several hundred Auburn automobile dealers and distributors from all parts of the country held a rousing meeting at the factory here today. They were brought to their feet, cheering, when L. B. Manning, executive vice-president of the Cord Corporation, announced the return to Auburn of Roy H. Faulkner. Faulkner was vice-president of the Auburn Automobile Company at once. He was enthusiastically welcomed "back home" by the crowd.

The announcement of Faulkner's return to Auburn followed the unveiling of the new 1935 models.

Faulkner became nationally prominent during his previous association with Auburn. He was assistant sales manager when E. L. Cord first went to Auburn in 1924.

Knee Action Makes It Easy

CHEVROLET'S "Knee Action," which materially facilitates tire changing made this driver remember the time—not so long ago, either—when changing tires was a task requiring both agility and strength.

DE LUXE RIDE IN CHEVROLET

"Much has been written and much discussion has been held for months past about this dependent front wheel suspension, known as 'knee-action,' a feature found, exclusively, in Chevrolet," stated W. M. Packer, N. E. regional director of the Chevrolet Motor Company in an interview yesterday.

Leaving out the pure technicalities of the principle involved—something in which the great majority of the public is not interested—"knee action," as an automobile, itself permitting the use of soft, velvety springs, may be explained in this manner.

This new and revolutionary design permits the front wheels to move upward and downward following irregularities of the road, whether they be chuck holes or raised obstructions, that without imparting like movement—in other words, shock—to the frame, body and passengers.

Actually, it should be evident that "knee action" has many additional advantages—all contributing to a comfort in riding never before thought possible in a motor car.

Not alone in riding, but in handling, steering, safety at high speeds and, finally, economy, does "knee-action" loom as one of the greatest contributions to motoring in quite some years.

Al Miller Tells of Hudson Value

There is a tremendous difference between the requirements of the ordinary tourist who happens to ride a mountainous country in his trip and the driver who assails one of the official records for climbing a mountain, according to Al Miller, A. A. A. racing star.

Miller has set a number of records with Terraplanes and Hudsons during the past two years on mountains from coast to coast. Last year with a Terraplane Eight he set a new stock car record on Pike's Peak and this year, in July, with a stock Hudson Super Eight, he broke all existing records, including non-stock, for climbing Mt. Washington.

"When the average tourist climbs a mountain like Mount Washington or Pike's Peak, he is not interested in seeing how rapidly he can get to the top," says Miller. "What he does want is a car that will perform satisfactorily so that he has no mechanical worry to cause uneasiness and apprehension."

Think of it! A free Rental Bureau right in the heart of the downtown shopping center. H. H. Webb Co., in co-operation with the Boston Evening American and Sunday Advertiser, has established this unique service. You are invited to visit here with Barbara Holmes at any time.

Nash Ignition Increases Speed

"When Nash introduced its twin ignition motor, one of the basic claims, after exhaustive tests, was that this type of engine would give to the owner 22 per cent more power, two more miles per gallon of gasoline, and five more miles top speed than the same motor with single ignition," says President Harold C. Hart of Nash New England Company.

"Now come details of more efficiency tests made by the Nash Motors Company. They show that when the speedometer registers 40 miles an hour on single ignition operation, switching to both sets of spark plugs adds five more miles to car speed.

"Other tests prove that with twin ignition the motor idles efficiently on a leaner mixture but stalled if switched over to single ignition."

Letter Carriers Get New Outfits

Cleveland, Sept. 1—To buy spic-span new uniforms for their parade when the new post office building here was dedicated, the Cleveland Letter Carriers' Band held a picnic to raise funds.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser.
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Sunday, Sept. 2, 1934

New Discoveries About Life On The Planet Mars

Curious Difference in Appearance Between the Landscape Seen by the Human Eye (on the Left) and the Same Landscape Photographed by the Infra-Red Rays (on the Right). The Very Light Tone of the Vegetation in the Second Picture Should Be Noticed. This Photograph Is Tinted Red to Reproduce the Conditions of Vision a Man Would Have Through a Color Screen Enabling Him to See These Contrasts.

The Regions We See Which Look Like Greenish or Dark Spots on the Surface of Mars Are Probably the Only Ones Where Forms of Vegetation Can Exist. These Strange Plants Cannot Be of Exactly the Same Nature as Earthly Plants, But It Is Reasonable to Compare These Areas to Marshy Surfaces Covered With Creeping Plants. Men Trying to Cross This Vegetation Would Find Their Progress Very Difficult or Perhaps Impossible.

Prof. Rudaux, the Distinguished Astronomer, Explains the Results and Conclusions of Recent Observations of One of the Nearest and Most Interesting Worlds in the Sky

By Professor Lucien Rudaux,
The Distinguished French Astronomer and Director of the Donville Observatory, France.

DONVILLE OBSERVATORY, August 24.

THE planet Mars is perhaps of more popular interest than any of the heavenly bodies except, of course, the Sun. It happens that recent study with improved telescopes has revealed some new and interesting facts about this planet.

Although Mars is one of the worlds nearest to the earth, yet it is still so far away—at least 48,000,000 miles—that the peculiarities and markings on the surface of this planet are only vaguely visible to our eyes even under the most powerful telescopic observation. What the astronomer sees on Mars may be compared to some extent to what we see on earth when we look at a range of hills or mountains at a great distance. All that we can see outside their shape is that they appear to be covered with various tints of irregular shape and different intensity. These spots are produced by the different materials, such as rocks or vegetation, which cover the sides of the hills, but the details and structure and exact nature of which remain invisible. And if we did not know that these spots were caused in some places by patches of vegetation and in others by bare earth and rocks, we should be driven to construct hypotheses to explain them.

These considerations apply fully to the planet Mars. We see its globe, as in one of the accompanying pictures, covered here and there with areas of different shape and color. The yellow-orange or reddish areas prevail and give a brilliancy to the planet which makes people compare it to a burning coal at times when they see it in the sky. As to the dark spots, they are the ones which should receive most attention and we will give a summarized history of them to explain why the ideas of scientists on this planet have been successively changed.

When the first fairly precise telescopic observations of Mars were made in the last century, the power of the instruments used did not permit very profound research. As they were then seen the spots on Mars, which appeared to be of a more or less deep greenish gray, were taken to be an arrangement of seas and oceans. This idea was very reasonable and was strengthened by the fact, soon established by astronomers, that the arrangement of the spots stayed fixed, and also by the presence of white zones around the poles, which appeared to melt and increase in size alternately in the course of the planetary seasons and behaved exactly like ice floes. But at a later stage, thanks to the accumulation of more precise observations, puzzling changes were seen: certain spots changed in outline, extent and darkness of coloring. The first of these transformations were interpreted as changes in the shores of the seas or oceans. These last were assumed to have flat beaches where floods and droughts could spread quickly following slight changes in the water level.

This Picture Shows the Probable Character of the Desert Regions of Mars. The Sky Is Dark, the Air Dry and Rarefied and Sand and Bare Rocks Appear to Stretch Out Interminably. Amid Such Surroundings Explorers Would Find Their Journey Very Painful.

Interesting View of the Planet Mars, as Modern Telescopes Show It in Space, With Its Puzzling Color Spots, Which Have Been Variously Explained by Scientists and Other Writers.

All this seemed the more reasonable because the great light-colored yellow or orange areas, which were regarded as continents, showed themselves to be without important elevations. It was then admitted that these regions were immense plains rather than mountainous territories, and it will be seen presently that this conception must still be accepted, in spite of the different hypotheses which are being accepted concerning other features of Mars.

Recent observations with very powerful instruments have verified these variations in the color patches on Mars, but have assigned a different origin to them, and one fully as important as at first. The increasing power of telescopic vision now reveals that the spots possess very varied colorings, the shade and diversity of which are incompatible with the uniformity which a liquid surface must have. Previously the dark patches, which were first observed long ago, were attributed, on account of the impossibility of seeing the colors, to mere differences in the depth of the water, but this is now known not to be so.

From all these recent observations it has been concluded that the spots on Mars are not seas or oceans, but areas invaded with vegetation. In this way the diversities of appearance, the sometimes remarkable changes, and especially the modifications accompanying the seasons, can be more easily explained. Some regions behave like vast prairies which become greener in Summer, others develop brown or reddish tones appropriate to the Fall. In a few words, the regions which we see as dark spots represent localities on Mars where water exists, either in a flowing form or as marshes maintaining growing vegetation. These regions, when seen as a whole, are sharply marked off from the rest of the planet, the tone of which resembles that of a desert. In order to upset or disprove the hypotheses of oceans, it has been reasoned that water could not exist in vast sheets on Mars, for spectrum analysis has shown that the atmosphere of the planet is much dryer than ours as well as less dense.

It will be very interesting to the public to know that the general conclusions, which astronomy has recently reached concerning Mars, represent it as a planet so much like our own that if an inhabitant of the earth could travel there he would not find himself completely lost. It has been said already that he would have the sensation of being extraordinarily light; on the other hand he would, no doubt, have some difficulty in breathing in an atmosphere thinner than here, but it is only right to say that he would find himself surrounded by landscapes enriched with vegetation, which would recall those of the earth, some of them, for instance, having the form of great prairies or forests.

The question of life on the other worlds is so intensely interesting to the public that, although we cannot hope to clear it up greatly, we must at least try to assemble some facts on which an opinion can be based. It would indeed be very desirable if instruments were available which would permit the direct vision of the things we want to know. It has been shown before that astronomers are reduced to the interpretation of visible appearances; and it is only possible to reach these with the help of comparisons with objects around us which we know thoroughly. But it will be asked if spectrum analysis, which reveals the nature of bodies at a great distance, through the examination of their light, cannot help us. In this case the answer must be "not much." The use of such analysis informs us about the nature of objects which are luminous and in which chemical bodies are in the state of incandescent vapor and about the gases through which the light has passed. When a planet is examined in this way it furnishes a reflection of the light of the sun which illuminates it, but this light, having passed through the planet's atmosphere, permits an analysis of the latter to be made. It is in this way that we have learned the lack of water vapor in the atmosphere of Mars.

But there are other scientific methods which can be called to this research. One is the power which certain bodies possess of reflecting or diffusing radiations which may be invisible to the human eye. In this way there is a prospect of obtaining information of great value. And we are going to emphasize this proceeding because its use is comparatively recent and has now become practical. Its various applications tend to upset many previously accepted conclusions.

The method to which we are referring is the use of the infra-red rays. These rays are invisible to the human eye, but with the help of photographic plates of special sensitiveness and of special screens, which are placed before the objective, and only allow these radiations to pass, images can be obtained that are extremely remarkable and of great interest. A photographic impression taken in this way registers the value of different points in the picture, in a way quite different from the human eye. Among the objects which have the power to reflect the infra-red rays with exceptional intensity are, in the first place, plants, whose green color is due to chlorophyll. A photograph of a country scene taken in this way presents a strange appearance. The eminent American physicist, Professor Robert Williams Wood, has shown some of these photographs, taken in the middle of the Summer, in which the fields and trees appear to be covered with snow and present a strange contrast to the sky and the water, which are completely dark. The peculiar character of such impressions is brought out in an illustration herewith.

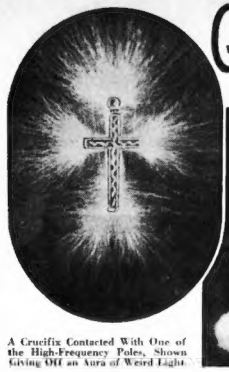
It should be added that the infra-red rays are not absorbed in the same way as other rays by the atmospheric layer, and that through their agency we sometimes can record extremely distant objects, which are practically indistinguishable to our eyes through the mists of the horizon. On such photographs points covered with vegetation are brought out strongly and show themselves like spots of snow. The usefulness of such pictures will be understood. Many photographs and experiments which are made along this line furnish very curious material for study.

If we compare such photographic impressions with the photographs which the great telescopes bring from the planet Mars, we are led to the following interesting conclusions: When examining photographs taken by infra-red light, we find that they furnish very superior images to those obtained by the use of the rays that impress the eye. In these last photographs the dark spots are often shown with little contrast, while in those obtained by infra-red light the same spots are extremely dark or even black.

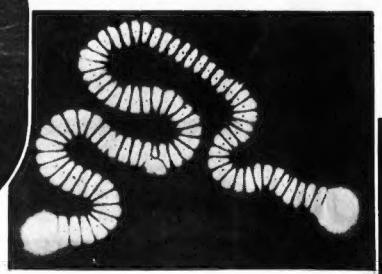
We must then admit that the green or variously colored spots seen on Mars cannot be produced by the grouping of plants of the same nature as those which grow on earth, for if they were the same the image of these spots would appear white on negatives taken with the infra-red light. From the nature of these last im-

(Continued on Page 2)

Ghostly Halos Created by Artificial Lightning



A Crucifix Contacted With One of the High-Frequency Poles, Shown Giving Off an Aura of Weird Light.



Below—A Bejewelled Necklace Radiating Under the Pressure of Electrified Atmosphere.

Ordinary Paper Clips Take on a Curious Appearance and Give Off Ghostly Luminosity When Placed Between the Electrodes.

BERLIN

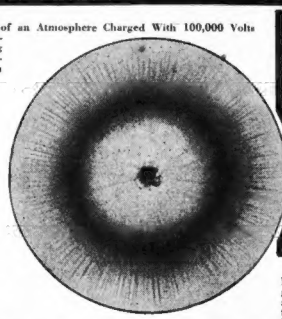
RECENT experiments carried out in one of the largest and most modern German electrical laboratories may not add a whit to scientific knowledge, but they did produce some of the most strangely fascinating pictures ever taken. A few of these pictures are shown on this page.

Various objects were put between the electrodes of one of those machines by which the scientists try to imitate lightning. The powerful charges of current caused the objects to take on a curious luminosity and, literally, to be outlined by sprays of sparks.

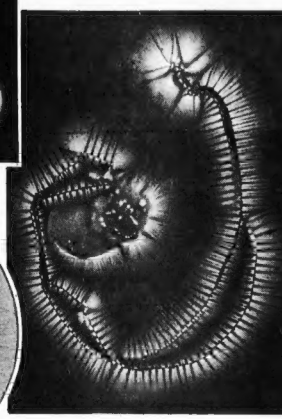
The photograph at the extreme left of the page shows what happened to a small crucifix when it was placed between the terminals of the lightning-making apparatus. At first the cross glowed faintly, but when the current was stepped up until the crucifix was exposed to 250,000 volts, blue-white flames shot out from the ends of the arms and the ends of the upright part of the little cross.

The picture that looks like a long and two-headed glow worm shows a small spring-chain shining eerily under the stimulation of 100,000 volts of electricity, and the photograph directly beside this—the one that seems to be an X-ray study of a centipede—reveals what happens when a jewelled necklace is subjected to the same voltage.

The Effect of an Atmosphere Charged With 100,000 Volts on a Spring-Chain, Giving It the Appearance of a Glowing Worm.



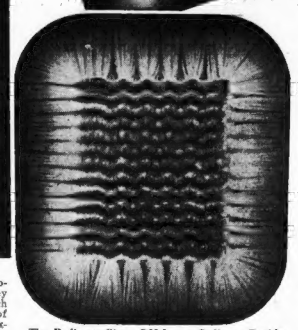
The Halo of a Small Gem, the Faces of Which Throw the Visible Rays in All Directions.



The picture in the circle is a photographic record of what happens to a small diamond when it gets a terrific shock. The stone became the center of a shimmering and blinding circle of light and the photograph looks oddly similar to one of those "close-ups" of sun spots that the astronomers are always taking through their telescopes.

Ordinary paper clips, given a workout in the mechanism that is capable of producing a million volts of electricity, took on the strange appearance of microbes seen through a microscope and, for some reason, they did not need nearly so much "juice" as many of the other objects experimented with.

Ghostly halos glorified these inexpensive bits of office equipment when they were given as little as 75,000 volts of electricity.



The Radiance Given Off by an Ordinary Buckle.

On the developed camera plate, a belt buckle looked like a woven rug with alternate wavy stripes of light and dark fabric and a white fringe. This artistic effect was procured with 100,000 volts, one-tenth the capacity of the lightning-making machine.

It may be that some practical knowledge will come out of the experiments and that the effects of various voltages on precious stones and metals can be used to learn something about their chemical and physical make-up, or to detect flaws in them.

The photographs shown on this page, along with others of the same sort, will be carefully studied by scientists and probably will capture some of the major prizes in an exhibition of camera studies soon to be opened to the public in the German capital.

Uncle Sam Approves Bag for Shipping Dry Milk

DRIED skim milk may not sound like much of a food to people who can buy milk in its natural state. But to thousands of families during the depression it has been an economical and nutritious article of diet that has attracted the attention of Uncle Sam's scientists and moved them to make laboratory tests to discover the best way to pack and ship the commodity.

Their studies revealed that a bag made of an outer layer of bond paper and an inner bag made of two layers of glassine, with paraffin between the layers, will keep the dried milk perfectly for three weeks on the shelves of stores and for as long as four months in warehouses kept at the proper temperature.

The Government took a hand in finding out the best way to pack and ship what may seem one of the least important food products in the American diet because its laboratory workers know that dried skim milk is of considerable importance to producers as well as consumers.

One pound of skim milk powder is equivalent in food value to almost five quarts of fresh skim milk and can be used in the same manner when it is mixed with water in the proper proportion. And when the dried milk can be bought at 15 cents a pound, or less, it costs the consumer only about three cents to make a quart of milk.

According to Dr. Louise Stanley, chief of Uncle Sam's Bureau of Home Economics, dried skim milk contains practically all the food value of fresh skim milk. It lacks, of course, the fat that is found in whole milk, but it contains all the other elements, except the water. Tests have shown that it provides the calcium and phosphorus that all growing children need and is high in protein and Vitamin G which is thought to prevent pellagra.

During the depression thousands of people who could not afford the proper quantity of fresh milk managed to get along on skim milk, in its liquid state and in powdered form.

Dried skim milk is used all over the country and in great quantity by commerical bakeries and ice cream factories, and the wholesale price has been kept down. But, in the opinion of the Government experts, the retail price to the small consumer has been too high, partly because no one had worked out a practical package that was inexpensive and which protected the dried milk.

The new bag, which has been given Uncle Sam's O. K. should make the powdered milk available, at reasonable cost, to poor families in all the larger cities and in many industrial communities where the populace has to watch the pennies spent for the necessities of life.

Dr. Stanley points out that the dried milk, restored to a liquid state by the addition of water, can be used in making such simple and nutritious dishes as corn meal mush, oatmeal porridge, biscuits, batter cakes and bread. It also goes well in gravies, soups and chowders and almost every other case where fluid milk is needed.

The dairymen of the country are much interested in the marketing of dried milk because skim milk is the biggest by-product of the butter industry.

Miss Marcelle Strein, of Brownsville, Texas, Attired in a Costume Made Entirely of Onions. She Was Photographed During the Festival Held in That Section Some Weeks Ago.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO.-PHOTO

New Discoveries About Life on the Planet Mars

(Continued From Front Page)

ages we must conclude that we see on Mars organisms which, though they may show various characteristics like our own plants, do not have the same nature. The word plant may not apply exactly to the matter seen on Mars; but all our conceptions being based on what surrounds us, we cannot use a different word in speaking of living forms which bear so much resemblance to what we know. Only phenomena produced by some organisms comparable to vegetation can explain the variations seen on Mars, and this agrees with other observations to prove that seas and oceans do not exist on that planet.

Having agreed upon this point, there are other hypotheses about the appearance of Mars to be considered. For the sake of comparison we will endeavor to sketch rationally the general characteristics of the planet. It is reasonable to imagine things like big water plants existing there, something like certain kinds of seaweed, creeping over the marshy soil, or, perhaps, growing on the surface of the water. This supposition is not at all impossible, for the appearance yielded by the infra-red photographs recalls that of sheets of water covered with algae, some kinds of which are plants without chlorophyll. The hypothesis that the growths on Mars are a variety of mushrooms is also reasonable.

In any case it must be reckoned that the Martian plants seek humid or marshy areas, and that wherever they grow they spread over the surface rather than grow upwards. This supposition can be asserted with considerable reason, for organisms resist variations of climate better in such a position. Examples of the same kind are furnished by what we find in high mountainous regions. The sun is fierce during the day in such regions, but the nights are freezing; the last plants found in such places, before going on to altitudes where vegetation cannot exist, cling closely to the surface in order to resist the severe variations of temperature, instead of growing upwards.

On Mars the temperature at noon is lower than on earth, on account of the greater distance from the sun, but the light, although less in total amount for the same reason, is more violent. The intensity of the radiations makes itself felt very keenly, for the rarefied air, which is almost entirely without water vapor, does not check it. This also means that an intense cold prevails every night.

In short, existence of living forms on a considerable scale can only be possible in exceptionally favored localities. Everywhere else it seems that there must be immense deserts, terrible in their barrenness and monotony, as we have already sketched. Although Mars is crossed by the curious formations which have been called canals, but which appear to be small lines of the same composition as the big spots, the human traveler landing on the planet would find himself in a rather terrifying situation and apt to get lost.

It is to be noted that a vehicle bringing the earthly traveler to Mars would run a great chance of landing in one of the desert regions, since they occupy more than half of the surface of the planet. To get away from these undesirable locations he would have to make an exhausting journey over a bare soil in a dry, burning and hardly breathable atmosphere. We will assume, however, that he reaches one of those regions where it is considered that a kind of life may exist. Would he find there conditions that would enable him to exist? Many difficulties would confront him. Perhaps he would not be able to move in the midst of those strange marshy plants.

We can likewise only form hypotheses as to the existence of inhabitants on Mars bearing some resemblance to human beings, but if they exist they would, no doubt, be gathered near these areas of apparent vegetation. But these hypotheses, whatever they may be, must start from the point now proved, that such organic life as can be observed on Mars, does not have the same properties as on earth.

Mlle. Arlette Bonny, Coming Down the Home Stretch on Her Four-Wheeled Steed.

Hobby Horse Racing in Paris

ALONG with their financial troubles, their street riots and their fears of impending war, the Parisians manage to have their fun and to find new ways of amusing themselves. One of the most recent of the diversions which have tickled the French fancy is hobby horse racing on hand-propelled steeds like those shown in the photographs at the right, and the left.

The sport, indulged in at amusement parks and at one or two up-and-coming night clubs, is enjoyed on four-wheeled, rubber-tired carts that are nothing more novel than overgrown "kiddy cars" and are operated in the same way—by moving an upright stick, with grips for the hands, back and forth. The bottom of the stick is connected with the rear wheels by a chain and rachet-gear mechanism and the faster the stick is moved back and forth the faster the hobby horse travels.

The pastime, which seems to be more popular with women than with men, is not as silly as it seems to some people because operating the mechanical horses actually is good exercise and develops the muscles of the back and legs as well as the arms. And it is a lot of fun especially when the devotees of the fad go in for races.

Thousands of francs have been bet on the hobby horse races in the past few months, for spectators get as interested in the contests as the "riders." More often than not the onlookers show poor gambling judgment because they put their money on the prettiest girls instead of those with the strength and endurance to send their wheeled steeds over the finish line first.

One alert promoter is planning to stage, within the next few weeks, a hobby horse race meet in one of the largest halls in the French capital. The "riders" in the final race for the national championship and a prize of 5,000 francs will be chosen in a series of trial heats to be run off under the direction of a committee of well-known racing judges.

Pretty Girls Riding Their Steeds Horses in a Race Game. It Holds Forth All Season, and Has Become a Popular Indoor Sport. Patrons Wager Large Sums on Their Favorites.

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Love Tragedy of the Circus Sharpshooter and His Living Target

Wassili, the Sharpshooter, Had Outlined Lydia's Head and Right Side With the Waxen Bullets, and When He Picked Up the Rifle That Held the Leaden Ones and Pressed His Finger on the Trigger, She Swiftly Moved and the Bullet Went Through Her Heart.

The "Princess Baranikoff," Who Had Her Beautiful Body Outlined by Bullets Twice a Day, Obligingly Stops One to Clear the Way for Her Rival, the Elephant Girl---and Nearly Succeeds in Getting Her Sweetheart Hanged for Her Murder

A Circus Poster Showing the Sharpshooter and "Princess Baranikoff," Who Made the Tragic Love Sacrifice

Hermione, Lydia's Rival, Dancing With Her Elephant at the Circus.

SALONIKA, August 23.

"SILENCE! Please!

"While Wassili, the Caucasian miracle-shooter does his delicate, difficult, dangerous and death-defying deed, everyone under this great tent is requested to make no sound.

"Lad-ees and Gentlemen—you realize that if Wassili's hitherto infallible aim should falter by one iota or if his lovely, living target should flinch, it would mean the death before your horrified gaze of the Princess Baranikoff."

When the chief announcer made his speech near the end of the performance of the big Europa, three-ring circus at Salonika, Greece, the audience, as usual, obeyed. It was rather the silence of curiosity to see how the trick was worked because probably few but the children believed that there was any real danger. They had seen Wassili, the handsome sharpshooter, dressed in a tight-fitting scarlet uniform, hit pennies as fast as his assistant could toss them into the air. He had done all sorts of things including the "Wilhelm Tell act" in which he shot a small crab-apple from the large head of a clown.

Now all other action ceased in the great arena as twelve men, garbed in black and with the manner of undertakers making the best of an ominous job, carried in a pedestal on which stood a six-foot square of wood, the target board. Lydia Baranikoff, a beautiful figure in black satin, was introduced as a Princess of Georgia. The marksman in scarlet was seen to kiss the hand of the noble lady and then lead her to the pedestal, where she stood, with outstretched arms, like a cross, against the lighter square.

"See, he is warning her not to move," whispered some of the spectators.

"Don't be silly," replied the cynics. "They go through this twice every day. He's probably asking where she would like to eat."

While the "miracle-shooter," with short, springy steps, was hastening back to his little stand on which lay four rifles, the announcer's voice boomed out:

"This master marksman, with 24 bullets, will outline the feminine form of his lovely, living target, each deadly bullet striking not more than one-tenth of an inch from the quivering flesh."

The statement was a slight exaggeration, but it was true that each time when Wassili assisted the Princess down from her pedestal, the twenty-four bullets left an outline of her figure, hardly more than an inch from her body. Most people were quite sure the thing was a trick of some sort.

There was not a sound or a movement in all that arena while Wassili stood for a dramatic moment, staring at his target as if screwing up courage. Then he snatched up the nearest rifle and began firing.

Bang! A white spot appeared in the surface of the target just above the Princess Lydia's head.

Quickly other spots outlined the right side of her face, shoulders and arms. Then the bullets began to outline the left side of the head.

The sharpshooter picked up another rifle. He raised and fired it. But just as he fired, many thought that the Princess moved. Was it an illusion?

No spot appeared below the left armpit, as expected, but one did appear just to the left of the center of her bosom and it looked as if something dark were trickling down. They had hardly a second to wonder when the living target collapsed on her pedestal, and running figures began to converge from all directions. First to arrive was a tall scarlet one running with long, unprofessional strides.

The spectators saw a huddle of men around the pedestal and then their attention was diverted by a blast of bang music heralding the final number of the show, a grand ensemble and parade of everybody from elephants to midgets. Under cover of this Wassili and his act disappeared, rifles, Princess and all.

But as the last grinning clown went handspringing out of view, there was much questioning.

"Did something go wrong? Do you suppose she got shot?"

Smart Alecks in the crowd assured them that it was just a mystery fake to make everybody talk and advertise the circus. The morning papers, however, carried the news that the Princess was dead with a bullet through her heart and Wassili in a cell under suspicion of murder.

Things looked dark for the miracle-shooter as the authorities dug into the situation. Wassili told the examining judge that the rifles were always "loaded blind," that is, they had bullets of wax instead of lead. At the distance from which he fired, these wax pellets could not cause a serious wound unless one struck an eye. There was always that risk, but it was no greater than the hazards of trapeze, lion and tiger training and other acts.

The police found that three of the four rifles were "loaded blind," as Wassili said that they all, always had been. But the fourth, which was placed so that he would snatch it up first, still contained three cartridges with lead bullets. Of the three that had been fired, two had passed through the white square and could not be found. These might possibly have been wax because the square in that area was only paper, but the third which had penetrated the Princess' heart was lead.

The marksman could only wring his hands and tell the police that he had no idea how the thing happened. Since her life depended on it, the invariable habit had been for her and nobody else to load those four rifles. Wassili kept repeating that she loaded them this time and must have done the thing herself. But why she should substitute deadly bullets for harmless ones and, above all, why on this one occasion in all his career, Wassili happened to make such a fatally bad shot, were not clear.

"She moved as I fired," was all he could say but questioning of almost the entire personnel of the circus produced a much more plausible explanation.

As a result of the inquiry it was discovered that Wassili's real name was Leo Gavorin, and "Princess Lydia" had been simple Lydia Linder. Neither of them came from the Caucasus, or Georgia, but both had been born in the town of Tartu in Esthonia. They had been travelling together as partners in Gavorin's shooting number for four years, with the Europa Circus and other shows. Lydia had been a "Countess" until everyone read that an American ten-cent heiress had married a Georgian Prince. This made her think that she would attract more attention as a sort of ten-cent store Georgian Princess.

Members of the Europa Circus company testified that Gavorin and Lydia had been on terms of intimacy beyond that of professional relations. The manager said that when they started on this tour, Lydia had told him that they hoped, after this and a South American engagement, to have enough money to get married, buy a small farm in Esthonia and retire from the show business. One of the clowns, Henry Kramer, known professionally as "Toto," who lived next door to Wassili and Lydia in the Hotel National where the company was quartered, testified that he had heard them quarrelling violently on the same afternoon, some hours before the performance. Such quarrels had been frequent of late.

Gavorin did not deny that they had quarrelled. He did not deny that he had lately given up the idea of marrying Lydia, and that she had become a burden on him. But he knew nothing about the loading of the rifles.

It was already a strong case and to make it perfect, all that was needed was another woman, with whom Wassili was infatuated and yearned to make his partner now and later his wife on that Esthonian farm. Sure enough this character was found in the person of Hermione Procopolous, a young and pretty girl who had a very small part with four others in a dance with an elephant who was the real star. This girl was in love with the handsome sharpshooter, and even more so with the thought of having all eyes on her as the living target. The prisoner and the dancer admitted that they had wanted to put Lydia out of their way, but not by murder.

The police, instead of being pleased at driving home this last rivet, began to shake their heads. Something was wrong—the case was too perfect. They knew from experience that murderers either confess or make a better attempt at defense than this. Something would turn up to explain what the suspect himself could not. After twelve days it came in the form of a telegram to Wassili from the island of Ceylon:

"Wire immediately what happened to Lydia. For God's sake prevent suicide at all costs. Paul."

After this had been studied by the police and the magistrate in charge of the investigation, it was shown to Wassili who read it uncomprehendingly and could only identify the sender as Lydia's brother, Paul Linder. The Salonika police got busy with the Ceylon authorities and, after another twelve days, came a packet containing among other things a letter from the dead girl to her brother Paul.

It was a long, rambling and pathetic message of farewell. At great length she told how Wassili had fallen in love with the elephant girl. As fate would have it, it was Lydia who had gotten her future rival the job with the circus and introduced her to Wassili. After a long struggle she had at last realized that the man she loved was lost to her forever and she no longer wished to stand in his way. She wrote:

"Forgive me, Paul dear, for causing you so much pain, but after all we have not seen each other for three years now. Your ways are different from mine; you will hardly miss me. My blessings are with you. As for Wassili, I want him to be happy. He will be happy as soon as he has got over the shock. I am only writing all this to you so that you may one day be able to tell him that it was not his fault. I did it. I loaded the rifles. I wanted to die. Wassili's aim is as sure as ever. He aims right: if I succeed in dying, I shall have killed myself, although he fires the shot. God bless and shelter you. Forgive me!"

Wassili was released. The authorities had established what happened, including what they thought was in the unhappy woman's mind. She preferred death to living without the man she loved. Substituting real bullets for wax ones was easy, but not enough.

Wassili never varied his act. Therefore Lydia knew that a certain shot, aimed close to her left arm-pit, could be made to strike her heart if she moved her body to the left at just the right instant.

When the story was printed, sensational tears were shed all over Greece at what most people called an act of "beautiful self-sacrifice." The police doubt if it was either beautiful or self-sacrifice at all. They point out that had she really wished to be obliging either to Wassili or her rival, Lydia would have removed herself unobtrusively and "accidentally" by falling from a great height or into deep water.

Instead she chose this spectacular method because it was surest to embarrass the loving pair and soonest to break up the affair. The arrest not only exposed her rival, but made certain that the elephant dancer would not be promoted to living target, at least this season.

By next season, when the fires of passion have cooled somewhat, Lydia's phantom may be strong enough to prevent her rival from ever getting that coveted job. The girl knows that something went fatally wrong once. The man knows it and the memory of the dead woman, as he aims at her rival, is hardly likely to steady his aim. Of course lead bullets will never get into those rifles again. But if a wax one puts out one of the elegant dancer's bright eyes, Lydia's ghost might well be satisfied.

Only time will tell whether they dare to take the risk next season. Meanwhile the affair seems to survive. Three days after Wassili was discharged from jail, the elephant noticed or seemed to notice that one of his dancers was missing. It was Wassili's friend Hermione, who had left without notice or explanation and losing almost a whole week's pay—which the circus folk say must mean love.

Hermione Procopolous, the "Elephant Girl," Whose Way to Wassili's Heart Lydia Thought to Clear by Her Unique Suicide.

Leo Gavorin, the Circus "Wassili."

Lydia Baranikoff, the Living Target, Who Brought About Her Own Death at the Hands of Her Unsuspecting Sweetheart So She Would Not Interfere With His Latest Love Affair—and Nearly Succeeded in Having Him Hanged for Her Murder.

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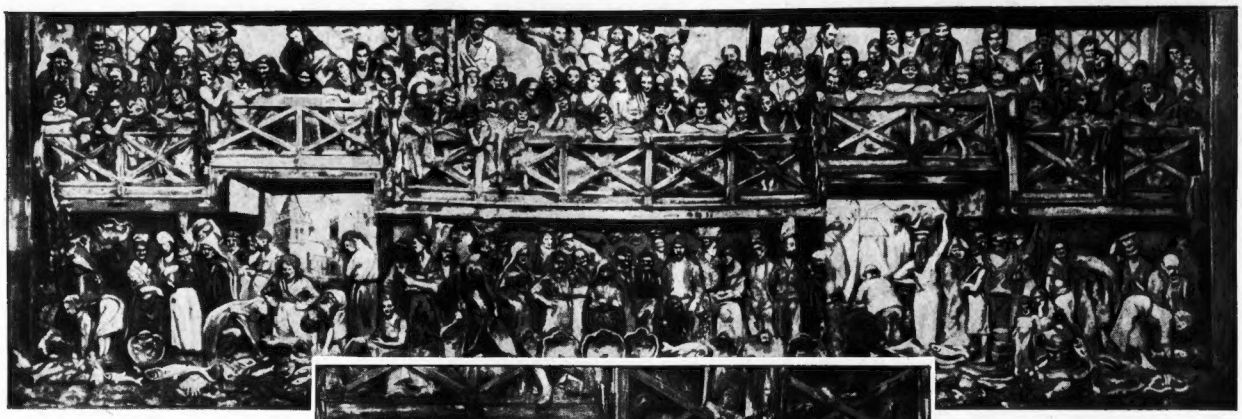
Former Fisher Boy Perpetuates Home Village in Sculpture



PHOTOS BY FRANCIS C. FUERST

An Enlarged Section of the Carving, Revealing the Character With Which the Artist Has Endowed Each Countenance. And Above—"The Altar of the Sea," Made of Wax, Plaster and Polychrome, to Be Executed in Wood, by Sebastian Miranda, Who Has Included Every Phase of Life and Industry of His Home Village, Gijon, in North Spain.

SEBASTIAN MIRANDA, the Spanish sculptor, intended only to glorify his home town, the little seacoast village of Gijon, when he set out to mold in plaster the ambitious bas-relief shown in the photograph. But the panel—which he calls "The Altar of the Sea" and which is 20 feet long and seven feet wide—has attracted world-wide attention and is adding as much to the fame of Senor Miranda as it is to Gijon and its fishing industry. When he was a boy, the artist sailed in one of the town's schooners and labored in the fish market beside the shore. The masterpiece, with its 168 figures, has been bought by the Spanish Government and will be given a place of honor in Madrid.

Strange History of the "Rain Ship"?

NEVER again will the Freddie Eaton make the passage, usually rough and stormy, from Nova Scotia down the coast to Black's Harbor, New Brunswick. She is to be sold for junk.

With her passing one of the familiar sights along the coast—and a strange tradition—is ended, for the schooner was known far and near as the "rain-boat." Whenever she sailed in to Black's Harbor the good folks of that coastal community went scurrying after rubbers and raincoats. "A wet week-end it will be," they used to say.

The presence of this boat was as sure a sign of rain as the government weather signal. The vessel was launched in 1874 at Calais, Maine, in a driving rain storm. Some time later it was learned that the bottle of good old New England rum intended for the christening had been drunk by a shipyard foreman who then refilled it with water colored by molasses.

"She'll always run to water," sagely nodded the wiseacres—which she did in more ways than one.

For a good many years the Maine Coast, too, had a "rain boat" known as such from Eastport to Kittery. This was the little coasting schooner Donna T. Briggs whose hull was always painted a bright blue. The appearance of this blue boat is remembered by all old-timers as being an absolute guarantee that rain would soon fall. And it always did. Despite the fact that the Freddie Eaton and the Donna Briggs were admittedly "rain boats" both proved paying properties for their owners, although they brought storms in their wakes.

Stories about strange ships associated with weird superstitions are abundant in all marine countries, and many of them are based on the classic "Flying Dutchman," but no section has more legends than the New England coast. This is perhaps because so many strange things really have happened to ships in that section.

Wrote Thrill Stories, Dies of Fright

MORE fantastic, in its way, than the end of any of his many books and plays of mystery and terror was the end of Gabriel Bernard.

Monsieur Bernard, famous all over the world for his skill in supplying vicarious thrills and chills to book readers and theatre audiences, more especially to playgoers who enjoyed the hair-raising performances at the Grand Guignol Theatre in Paris, was walking along the street after attending the rehearsal of one of his dramas at that theatre.

It may be that he was so absorbed in planning additional notes of sinister mystery for his play that his imagination paved the way for his unexpected death. Some of his intimates, however, say that he had been suffering from heart trouble for several years and that any sudden shock might have killed him.

Anyway, M. Bernard fell in a faint on the sidewalk when a boy thrust a paint brush dipped in iodine beneath his nose, and, a few hours later, died in a hospital without recovering consciousness, except for a few moments.

Friends who were at his bedside when he died had difficulty in understanding what he tried to tell them just before he breathed his last, but they believe he mistook the paint brush for a revolver, although it did not look much like one.

Strangely enough, one of the most popular of the dead author's mystery plays centered about a character who died from fright when he was held up by a burglar armed only with a fountain pen.

The ironic twist in connection with the death of the author is that he always derided his own play about the burglar and the fountain pen, because he himself thought that it was not good theatre, being too commonplace. In fact, he had taken the episode out once, on the theory that it was too weak and devoid of real drama.

Eye Make-Up One of the Oldest Secrets of Feminine Charm

MANY modern women will be surprised to learn that eye make-up, the art of beautifying the eyes with mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil, is not a modern invention, but is one of the most ancient methods of beautification known to womankind.

Scientists have discovered that women have realized from earliest times that the most important feature of their beauty and expression is their eyes, and it is therefore logical that they should find means of accentuating this keynote of beauty. Archeologists find that high-caste ladies of old China and Egypt were adept in the art of darkening their lashes, eyelids and eyebrows to enhance the brilliance and sparkle of their glances. Among Manchu ladies of high degree, a well-arched eyebrow was the symbol of marital happiness, and Cleopatra herself no doubt used the darkening substance known as kohl, which was popular among women of her time, mixing it on little bronze palettes, and applying it with long, slender, bronze rods, such as may be seen today among collections of Egyptian relics in the museums. These known facts give eye make-up the respectable background of usage of some 10,000 years, and thus the modern woman is indulging in nothing startling or daringly modern in applying mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil.

Stars of the stage and screen have developed the art of eye make-up to its highest degree, being able to create the illusion of plainness or old age by leaving off the beautifying eye make-up that would otherwise make them appear youthful and attractive. Artists of the screen are able to depict an emotion merely by the raising of an eloquent eyebrow, or the lowering of their long, luxuriant lashes. The simple trick of making their lashes appear long and curling by darkening them clear out to the tips has long been known among the beauty-wise women of the theater, but it is only recently that other modern women, desiring the same attractiveness in every-day life have emulated the examples of stage stars by so artfully pencilling expressive eyebrows, delicately shading their eyelids with colorful shadow and making their eyes appear larger and more soulful by darkening their lashes with harmless mascara.

The modern woman has an advantage over her sisters of a hundred centuries ago because science has perfected modern manufacture of eye cosmetics to the high degree where they may enjoy confidence in the purity and harmlessness of mascaras and eye shadows, something that even Cleopatra could not be always sure of, since she had no reputable trade names to choose from.

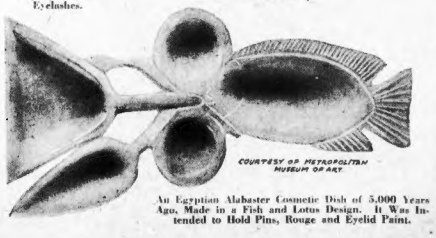
Museums abound with relics of the beautifying processes used by women 4,000 or more years ago. All emphasize the attention paid to enhancing the eyes. The use of kohl, a paste made of ground galena, or a paste made from malachite, was universal. The most interesting of the museum exhibits come from Egypt, Assyria and Northern France, and many are to be found at the University of Pennsylvania Museum. They were collected on several expeditions under the direction of the American Schools of Oriental Research. A particularly interesting collection was uncovered at Tepe Gawra, not far from the site of the center of ancient Babylonia. There are urns for holding kohl paste, rouge made of clay and wood ashes for bleaching the hair.

The ruins unearthed by archeologists reveal that beauty centers were extant in all capitals, and to these came maids and matrons in great numbers to have their eyelashes and brows attended. Because the treatments were highly expensive, the ladies of ancient times had to wear their make-up for several days, an unpleasant ordeal which does not bother the modern woman.

The Famous Bust of Queen Nefertiti, Now in a German Museum, Revealing the Care With Which the Ancient Egyptian Regent Made Up Her Eyes.

The Modern Woman Is Merely Emulating Her Sisters of Thousands of Years Ago When She Applies Greatly Improved Make-up, Using Compounds That Are Not Only More Refined, but More Delicate and Attractive.

A Reconstructed Head of Queen Shubad, of Ancient Ur of the Chaldees, Which Shows How the Elegant Ladies of Her Time Used Cosmetics to Enhance the Beauty of Eyebrows and Eyelashes.



COURTESY OF METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

An Egyptian Alabaster Cosmetic Dish of 5,000 Years Ago, Made in a Fish and Lotus Design. It Was Intended to Hold Pins, Rouge and Eyelid Paint.

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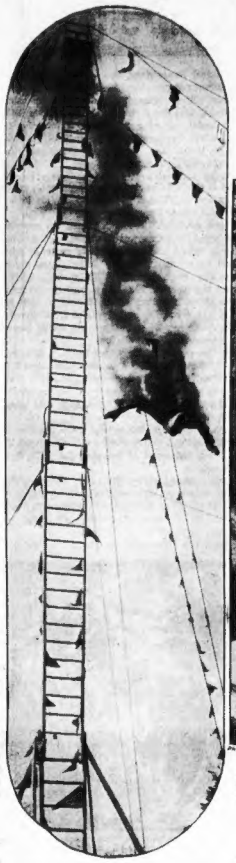
Why Healthy People Crave Excitement

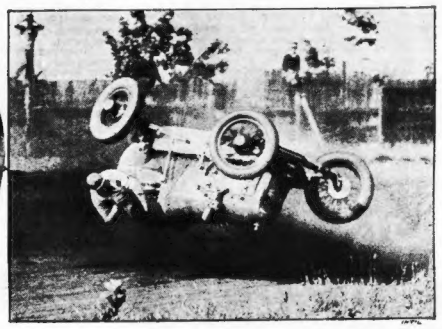
Mystery of "Thrills" Explained as the Speeding Up of a "Time Clock" Inside Us---and, Later On, We May Get the Same Pleasant Shivers by Sticking Our Heads Inside a Machine Without Risking Lives



Leaping From a High Diving Platform in a Blazing Suit of Gasoline-Soaked Asbestos Into a Tiny Pool Below Is Another Way of Providing a Thrill for the Spectators.

Mountain Climbing Is One of the Most Hazardous of All Sports, but It Claims Devotees Among Men and Women in All Social Strata, Because It Is Thrilling to an Almost Painful Degree.

Soviet Russia Is Fast Becoming a Land of Thrill Hunters and Many of the Younger Generation There Have Turned to Parachute Leaping, as Has This Young Lady, to Supply Themselves With Excitement.



Racing Fans Are Drawn to the Tracks by Their Search for Excitement and in This Case They Got the Thrill They Were Looking For When George Herzog Came to Disaster On a Turn. A Fraction of a Second After This Remarkable Picture Was Taken Herzog Was Crushed to Death Beneath His Bouncing Machine.

Actors and Circus Performers Risk Their Lives Many Times So That Audiences May Enjoy the Vicarious Thrill of Seeing Another in Danger—If the Elephant Ever Misstepped, the Girl in the Picture Above Would Be Crushed to Death.

TWO years ago this magazine published the statement of the famous English biologist Sir Arthur Thomson that one of the great problems of science was to discover what it is that people call a thrill. Thousands of lives are sacrificed every year in dangerous adventures undertaken for a thrill's sake. Fortunes are built by providing some public amusement which supplies thrills. Yet Sir Arthur Thomson insisted that biological science was totally unable to say what is a thrill or to suggest why nearly everybody likes to experience things called thrilling.

But now, thanks to recent researches of a Clark University psychologist, Professor Hudson Hoagland, it is at last possible to suggest what happens in the human mind and body when one is thrilled or excited, and why these things are so pleasurable that many healthy and normal people will risk their lives and limbs to get them.

What is more, it even is possible to foresee some day a kind of artificial "thrill machine" which may be able to give people the thrills their hearts crave without exposing either their bodies or the bodies of other people to any risk.

Two things seem to be involved in creating a thrill and making excitement pleasurable. One is the familiar matter of bodily fever. The other is the still mysterious "time sense" of human beings: the unknown, living clock that keeps running all the time somewhere inside a conscious human being and gives a continuous although sometimes extremely inaccurate judgment of how much time passes between one of the day's events and another one.

If this time sense runs rapidly, so that things seem to be happening close together, the average person is interested and happy. If time runs very fast for him he is "thrilled." On the other hand, if one's inner time sense runs slowly, so that it seems that nothing is happening, the average person is bored and unhappy. Trying to escape this unpleasant boredom, people seek experiences which will make the time sense run faster. This is what they call "thrills."

Professor Hoagland's experiments have gone farther than this and have proved that at least one thing which affects the speed of the time sense is the body's temperature. A slight fever speeds up the inner time clock. A lowered body temperature makes it run more slowly. This is probably what explains the action of thrilling events, such as danger and excitement, which other biological experiments show probably affect the body's temperature slightly through their stimulating effect on some of the glands.

Certainly some explanation is needed, for the foolishly dangerous things which so many people do in search of excitement. In Russia this year young boys and girls of the Soviets have taken up by thousands a new sport, probably one of the most dangerous imaginable. This is parachute jumping. One Russian youth recently broke the world's record by dropping out of an airplane nearly five miles above the ground and waiting until the last thousand feet before he pulled the rip cord and allowed his parachute to open. At every athletic meet and similar event held nowadays in Russia youths and girls are jumping out of airplanes by hundreds, with every imaginable variation of parachute and procedure.

In the United States in the past two years there has been an epidemic of "thrill murders," hold-ups and other crimes, committed for no discoverable reason except the longing of the criminals, almost always young and inexperienced, for the excitement which the crime and pursuit create.

A few weeks ago a single Englishman set out alone from India to climb Mount Everest, highest mountain in the world and still unclimbed even by a succession of well-prepared expeditions. The result was inevitable. The thrill-seeking climber was killed.

In the Atlantic Ocean at the present moment Dr. William Beebe is making a series of highly dangerous descents in his steel shell or bathysphere to depths lower than ever have been reached before. In this instance it is true that scientific facts of considerable importance may be learned, especially about unknown fish or other living creatures which exist at these depths, but it is probable that no small part of the motives which drive Dr. Beebe and his associates to risk their lives consists of the pleasure which they experience out of the excitement and thrill they get.

The commonest form of thrill seeking happens, unfortunately, to be one involving much danger for others as well as for the thrill-seeker. This is fast automobile driving. Safety experts are more and more alarmed about the growing numbers of deaths in automobile accidents, already amounting to more deaths each year than happened to American soldiers in battles during the war. Some of these deaths are pure accidents. Others are due to bad highways, faulty automobiles or other similar items. It is agreed, however, that a large proportion of the automobile deaths are due to too great speed or some other element of reckless driving. Probably nearly all of this is traceable to mad desire for excitement and thrills.

Some kind of electric or mechanical thrill machine which would give speed-mad drivers the same pleasure and excitement without requiring them to risk the lives of thousands of pedestrians and other autoists would be one of the greatest safety devices ever invented.

It is not abnormal people who seek thrills and excitement. Everybody wants these things, with a very few exceptions. A few years ago Professor Goodwin Watson, of Columbia University persuaded a large number of ordinary young people to answer questionnaires about their likes, dislikes, happinesses, unhappinesses and so on. He found that the vast majority of them craved adventure and excitement, not the secure serenity of which poets sing. Next to excitement, social relations were the greatest producers of happiness. This was an extremely significant fact, for psychologists already knew that the social emotions such as love, anger, hate, liking, disliking and so on are precisely the things which most stimulate gland activities in the body and thus set up the train of events which may affect the inner time sense.

The essence of Professor Hoagland's experiments on this sense is a test which anyone can carry out for himself with very little trouble. Most people have some idea of how long is the time of one second. Scientists discover, however, that if people are asked to count off seconds one by one, but without being able to see a watch or clock, their speeds of counting will be quite different. Some persons will count too slowly, perhaps only forty or fifty counts to a minute on the clock, instead of sixty seconds. Most people, however, count too rapidly; recording seventy, eighty or even as many as a hundred supposed seconds in the minute which really contains but sixty.

There are a few people, such as astronomers and clockmakers, who have trained their second-counting abilities so that they do this very accurately, just as a trained musician may be able to tune an instrument without a pitch-pipe or other fixed note to start from. This ability to count real and accurate seconds instead of mental and inaccurate ones exists, however, in too few people to have any great effect on tests like those by Professor Hoagland.

To try this test a person needs merely to start off counting seconds while some one else holds a watch. If the counter is excited or thrilled over anything, he or she will tend to count too many seconds to a minute. That is, the inner time sense of which the second-counting is a partial measure, runs fast when one is excited.

On the other hand if the person who is counting the imagined seconds is dull or bored, the number of seconds counted per minute will decrease. The inner time sense is running more slowly. It is merely common human experience that a fast time sense accompanies a feeling of alertness and happiness, while a slow time sense goes with feelings of unhappiness and depression.

In Professor Hoagland's experiments tests of this kind were extended to the matter of body temperature. People with fevers were found to count faster than usual. The greater heat speeds up the internal time clock, precisely as actual clocks would be speeded by the clockmaker with regulating devices intended to keep them running at a nearly constant rate no matter whether they are hot or cold.

To avoid any possibility that bodily fevers due to illness might effect the human time sense in some unusual way, Professor Hoagland's experiments included tests with artificial fevers, created by short-wave baths in the way now used by physicians to heal diseased joints, muscles or other parts of a body. These radio fevers created the same increased counting rate and general speeding of the time sense as was true of fevers of any other kind.

Still another step relates these experiments to simple and well-known rules of chemistry. Ever since chemists began to study what are called the rates of reaction, expressing the speeds at which individual sets of chemicals react with each other when mixed, it has been known that these speeds of reaction usually increase when the chemicals are heated.

Chemists know, also, that the speed of any individual chemical reaction increases as the temperature is raised in a definite and regular way; just so much increase of speed for a definite number of degrees rise of temperature. One interesting thing about the human time sense is that Professor Hoagland finds it also to increase in speed according to these same chemical laws. This probably indicates that the mysterious human clock is not mechanical but is a chemical one. Uniform progress of some chemical reaction in the brain or some other bodily organ probably is the thing which fixes the rate at which the time sense runs and lets human beings know that time is passing.

If the body is slightly warmer than usual, this chemical clock runs a little faster.

Neither Professor Hoagland nor any other scientist would assert that this effect of bodily temperature is the only thing which affects happiness and unhappiness, but it certainly is one thing. Even though the changes of temperature may be too small and temporary to show on the ordinary clinical thermometers of the doctors, it is probable that they are enough to alter the time sense materially and thus to affect the interest or boredom of the mind.

The next step is the relation of the glands. Two gland chemicals, adrenalin from the adrenal glands and thyroxin from the thyroid gland, already are known to be able to affect bodily temperature, even to the extent of creating artificial fever. The discharge of both of these chemicals from the glands also is known to be affected by strong emotions, especially such emotions as anger or fright. Accordingly, to be scared half to death by jumping out of an airplane or driving an automobile dangerously probably acts to set free extra supplies of these gland chemicals. The gland chemicals act, in turn, to increase bodily temperature a little. This fools the inner time clock into running a little faster. The greater speed of the time sense makes the individual more interested, happier and less bored.

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A New Dress Each Day To Throw Away

THE woman whose husband bought her a new dress every month, especially during times of economic stress, might have been considered lucky by her friends. But the time is approaching, and may be here next season when it will be an unlucky woman indeed, who isn't able to buy a dress each day—and then indulge in the prodigality of throwing it away—discarding it forever, even though it has all the beauty of the finest silks, satins or wools.

In Grange-over-Sands, where England's Textile Institute is situated, a "one-time dress," as beautiful as any which a fastidious woman might hate to part with for several seasons, was predicted the other day by Professor A. T. King, of the textile research department of Leeds University. He talked before a meeting of British textile executives, who were holding an exhibition at the Industries Fair.

The dresses, designed, not for durability, but for beauty and one-day service, said the professor, would be as cheaply obtained almost, and as unregretfully thrown away as paper napkins or towels.

The other textile experts at the conference agreed that the trend of demand and development in fabrics now is definitely away from the lasting and wearing qualities once insisted upon. Women, they stated, are favoring dresses and other textile materials which they do not expect will wear well. They understand that they are beautiful and showy, but designed for very fleeting usage.

Professor King bases his prediction of the one-day dress on his knowledge that within a short time perfection will be attained in the manufacture of synthetic yarns and fabric. This is being done now by the chemical treatment of woodpulp and cellophane. Already colorful and beautiful rayons are being turned out in great quantities. But within a year, the professor states, the synthetic textiles will be even more attractive, but will not be as durable.

"Such artificial fibers," says Professor King, "already have been produced to imitate wool and cotton as well as silk, but I do not expect the woodpulp dresses and other

Instead of Having Clothes Laundered, a Fastidious Woman Will Soon Be Able to Afford a New Dress Each Morning. The Dress of the Previous Day Will Go Into the Waste Basket.

apparel to be imitations of anything. They will be bought and worn for what they are. Some may be worn several times, but the custom of throwing away a gown after one wearing will grow. The material will be altogether new in character. The dyes to be used will be cheap and brilliant, but they won't be lasting. The only claim to be made for them is that they will serve spectacularly for a day or two. Designs will be more novel than ever because of the rapid output to fill renewed demand."

When all this comes true, as is now assured, it will mean that women, with a new dress available each day, will cease to worry about laundering; the washtub may even disappear, as will the ironing board.

Developments toward a similar, if not an identical output of synthetic fabrics in America are rapidly moving toward a revolutionized clothing market. From Omaha, Nebraska, a day after Professor King's announcement, came the news that a "cello-papier" textile had been perfected, and that already on sale were samples of paper underwear, "cello-papier" teddies and brassieres. The announcement and samples featured a day at the National Investors' Convention. All of the articles of dress on display were labeled; "To be worn only once."

The material of which these forerunners of a new sartorial era are made is a combination of cellophane and paper. They respond to the touch like soft paper. The material does not wrinkle, nor does it crinkle. It is not quickly affected by water, and most satisfactory of all, it is not transparent.

Another satisfaction which attaches to the promise of one-day attire is that wearers of the material will be spared the annoyance, regret and embarrassment growing out of accidents which are ruinous to costly materials such as transparent velvet, satin and even taffeta. Spilled drinks, stains, cigarette burns, splashing of mud, etc., may be nonchalantly laughed off. There will be no need to mourn the marring of a gown that could not be restored even by expert and expensive dry-cleaning. The thing to do on those unfortunate occasions is simple. A new dress is provided, the old one removed, bundled into a knot, and simply thrown away like an old wrapping paper, which indeed, it really is, if basically analyzed.

For young children particularly, the new fabrics will be adaptable, and the economy factor, and ready replacement of soiled apparel will serve as a godsend to mothers, who otherwise must use a great portion of their day supervising or actually doing the laundering. A new dress is provided, the old one removed, bundled into a knot, and simply thrown away like an old wrapping paper, which indeed, it really is, if basically analyzed.

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During the past four years laboratory experts have been specializing on wood pulps, and their first efforts were so amusing that they were not taken seriously. Among the first of the "wooden clothes" to make appearance was a bathing suit turned out in this country, and highly publicized. Its texture was coarse and stiff, and somewhat unwieldy. Since then, however, men's shirts, and women's sport wear have shown marked refinements in the manufacture of this material, from which many kinds of paper are made also.

A clothing novelty that went into the mineral world for its raw material appeared recently on the fashion pages. It was a bathing suit fashioned of finely rolled copper, which was as light as ordinary cloth, and which glistened attractively, though it was flexible and practical, except that its touch against the body was somewhat uncomfortable. It was not possible to color this material—a problem that does not trouble the manufacturers who are developing the chemically-treated wood fiber which Professor King is confident will soon be in general use.

"Ghost" Mining Town Comes Back With Church As Dance Hall

THE doxology is ringing out in Jamestown, Colo.

In place of the tin-panny tunes of a dance-hall piano the low murmur of the organ can be heard. The chanting of prayers replaces the sounds of high-pitched and semi-hysterical laughter of paid "lady entertainers."

Wicked Jamestown, in the wilderness of Central Colorado's mountain-mining region is having a renaissance. One of the biggest mining camps in the region has got religion.

Jimtown, as the community is known throughout the State, has turned its old dance hall into a church. The dimes that used to go to "feed the kitty," are being dropped into the collection plate as the little mountain hamlet takes its religion seriously.

Slim Haney is the preacher. And Slim, like the old dance hall, had to be converted.

Slim, whose family gave him the Christian name of Herbert, has a police record which has been written into the books of Boulder County. But the folks in Jimtown like Slim. They like his preaching and his church and practically the entire population —some 300 individuals— are supporting the new church and its new parson.

Jamestown is located eight miles from Boulder, the county seat, up Left-Hand canyon. With Ballarat it was the center of the gold mining activities in the early '80s.

Anthems Now Fill This Building Instead of Ragtime, and Where the Bar Once Stood a Reformed Character Exhorts His Congregation of Miners to Lead a Better Life. Once a Dance-hall, the Structure Was Converted Into a Meeting-house by the Community Church, of Jamestown, Colorado.

The gold mining boom hit Jimtown in 1883 and its population shot from less than 100 persons to 10,000. It was a hard-working and hard-playing set of miners that took over the mountain hamlet and made it a rip-roaring mining town.

There wasn't time to build houses so the miners lived in tents. When the boom was at its peak there was an area two to three miles square and it was packed with tents. Half of the tents were places of entertainment. There were dance halls, variety theatres, gambling dens, drinking parlors and all the other hot spots that go with a wild mining camp.

The miners dug into the earth all day, mucking for gold. When darkness came they turned the night into day and played until it was time to go back to the mines and dig for more gold.

Gunplay was the rule. A six-shooter was a man's authority and his law. The click of the ivory ball in the "wheel" was a familiar tune. Dice rolled. Cards were shuffled and dealt. Always high stakes prevailed. Intermingled with all the activities were the dance hall girls who bloomed and faded with the boom.

Then the boom collapsed like a toy balloon and another ghost town took its place in the mountains of Colorado. The dance hall girls drifted to more fertile fields. The gamblers packed up their kits and departed for new and easy money.

The Mint saloon was one of the few frame buildings in the town and it was the real center of the highlife when the miners were at the peak of their spending orgy.

Fred W. Burger, now County Clerk of Boulder County, and the man who sold Jimtown its new church, was a member of the orchestra that played in the Mint saloon. He still recalls a few incidents of the boom days.

"The guests were dancing a square dance one night," Burger recited. "The town bully insisted upon edging into the dance, which left one man each time without a partner. "The guests threw him out several times and the bully finally went to his cabin to get a gun. On his way back he was shot—somehow. No one ever knew exactly how it happened. But he was very dead."

The violinist had the bad habit of putting his feet on the piano, Berger recalled. The pianist didn't appreciate the posture the violinist assumed and asked him several times to be a gentleman.

"If you put your feet on this piano again I'll put a hole in it," Burger quoted the pianist as saying. The violinist was quite a game fellow and he put his foot back on the piano. The pianist shot off a toe.

And the dance went on.

That was Jamestown when it was booming. Remnants of the boom still stand. The old dance hall—or the new church—is one.

Another is a house built only of glass-paneled doors. The doors were the only thing handy the day the builder decided to construct a residence. The doors still stand, but they are without their glass panels.

The dance hall originally was a room for feed storage. It was owned by Burger, who sold it to Lou Dodge, who rebuilt it into a dance hall. Last April it was sold by E. L. Choates, administrator of the Dodge estate, to the Jamestown Community Church. The purchase price has not been determined finally, Choates said, as negotiations still are in progress.

Just as soon as the deal was completed the members of the new church started in to furnish their house of worship. A bargain in chairs was found and each member bought his own chair for the church. The chairs were purchased at a bargain price of 50 cents each.

Slim Haney, who is 32, conducts his services every Sunday.

He urges the congregation on to higher ideals and shoots straight from the shoulder in showing what will happen to the person who allows his steps to falter—or stagger. The townspeople are sold on Slim and his teachings and the church is well attended every Sunday.

The records at the county seat show that Haney had two slight brushes with the law.

The books show that Haney was arrested May 16, 1933, by officers from the Sheriff's office, on charges of larceny of a cable and pipe from a mine near Boulder. After spending 12 days in jail, the records show Haney was released after he paid for the materials which were missing from the mine. The prosecuting witness never pursued the complaint against Haney.

On February 5, 1934, Haney ran afoul of the law again. He was arrested, the records show, on charges of assault and battery. He was released later and no information on the final disposition of the case was available.

When Haney was arrested the first time his fingerprints were sent to Washington to the Bureau of Identification and a report was returned that he had no previous record.

Now he is the preacher in the little town which is staging a comeback.

With gold and silver paying heavy returns Jamestown is again fighting along the back trail to regain its lost prestige. The population has jumped from a scant 65 or 70 to more than 200. Automobiles with license plates from many different States crowd the streets and the town gives promise of pulling itself out of the lethargy.

Slim Haney and his followers are determined that Jamestown shall progress along the comeback trail and they are equally determined that Jimtown will not again be known as one of the wickedest towns in the State.

Death Writes Last Chapter Of War Tragedy

RICHARD J. HUGHES, whose son was killed in action by his side in Belleau Wood, and who never fully recovered from the shock of that experience, died recently in the Fitzsimmons General Hospital, a government institution in Denver, Colorado. His death has recalled to many persons throughout Colorado one of the most poignant of World War stories.

In 1917, when this country entered the war, Richard J. Hughes, at that time 35, was a clerk in a downtown Denver store. His son, Richard C. Hughes, was 17 and a high school student. Together, they followed with keen interest the events that led up to that historic occasion when the United States became one of the Allies. Each night they read war dispatches from France, and news of mobilization and preparation in this country.

At length, the youth said, "Dad, I'm going across."

"Wait," the father replied. "They don't need you yet."

"It isn't that—it's something inside of me. I've got to to go."

Because of the boy's youth, the father pleaded with him not to act hastily. But the boy's emotions had been so thoroughly aroused he was determined.

Harry Sullivan, now a prominent Denver attorney, but at that time a lieutenant in charge of the army recruiting station, remembers young Richard very well.

"He came in to see me time after time about enlisting," Sullivan said, when he heard of the recent death of the boy's father. "I was telling him he was too young."

Young Richard turned all of his powers of persuasion upon his father, who finally had to give in: "All right. But if you must go, we'll go together."

They passed the recruiting examination, side by side, and were sent to Camp Kearney, in California, where they were trained in the same outfit.

Eventually orders were received at Camp Kearney to pick replacements for immediate overseas service in the 32d Division. Young Hughes was one of those selected for replacements. The father was not.

As soon as the father heard of this he went to Lieut. Sullivan, who had meanwhile been transferred to Camp Kearney himself.

"I can't stand it," he said. "I'll appeal to the general."

He prepared a letter, addressed to the general and requesting an interview, and after the letter had passed through "military channels," an interview was granted. He told his story, and he must have told it extremely well, for the general, who had many other things upon his mind, was impressed.

The general made the necessary arrangements, and the two Richards were sent overseas, attached to the 127th Infantry. Members of their company recall to this day the affection and comradeship that existed between them. The father became a non-commissioned officer—but he gave his son no extra consideration and did not coddle him.

Then they went into action together at Belleau Wood. They were stalking forward, side by side, when the father noticed that the boy had dropped out of the advance. He turned, in terror, and saw Richard had fallen, struck by shrapnel. The father stumbled back over shell holes, and knelt by the boy's side. But young Richard was already dead.

Shortly afterwards the father was taken back to a field hospital for treatment. The doctors called it shell shock, but it was more than that. It was overwhelming grief, mainly. In time, Hughes recovered sufficiently to go back into action, and after the Armistice, he returned to Denver. But he was never the same.

He saw the people of Colorado honor his son, the youngest soldier from the State to be killed in action, by placing the body in the rotunda of the capitol prior to an impressive public funeral.

But he never became reconciled to the loss. Everything he saw, everything he did, everything he talked about, sooner or later led him around to speaking of his son. A short while ago his health gave away, and he was in the hospital only a few days before death, which had separated the father and son on the battle field, reunited them sixteen years later.

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Fell In Love With Sheik Who Kidnaped Her

MANY girls and housewives, too — in the midst of prosaic surroundings—have been thrilled by novels and screen plays portraying abductions by dauntless Arabian lovers, and have imagined themselves to be the heroines of those adventures. Their fascination for such stories has often been ridiculed by suitors, husbands and fathers, who insist that nothing of that sort could ever happen outside of fiction. But it can.

French military authorities in Tangier were recently confronted with a problem in real life that equals any of the popular situations frequently depicted in stories and movies dealing with "desert romance."

The experience of Mlle. Clemence Bara, an attractive young Parisian, provides an answer to the question of how a cultured woman would conduct herself if actually seized and held captive by an ardent sheik. Mlle. Bara was engaged to a wealthy Paris banker. While on a visit to Tangier, she met the Shereef Ibn Ali, a bandit chief, at a social function, which he attended in disguise. She had no idea that he was a bandit, and thought him charming. Afterwards, she made inquiries, but no one could identify the impetuous stranger.

"I must see the desert in the moonlight," Mlle. Bara told friends. "Not just around Tangier, but beyond the outposts of civilization. I must sleep under the stars." When her friends spoke of the danger of being attacked by lawless raiders, she laughed: "Nothing will happen to me—it never does."

It takes time to arrange for a trip into the desert—camels must be hired, and drivers and guides engaged. The Shereef Ibn Ali was informed of the plan of Mlle. Bara's party by secret agents.

As her caravan moved across the sand, far from Tangier, a party of tribesmen appeared above a rise in the ground. "Look!" someone laughed. "We're going to be attacked." Mlle. Bara's eyes grew large, but she said, "I'm afraid you're wrong."

For a moment the tribesmen remained motionless in

The Sheik Charged Down From a Sand Dune, and Lifting the Young Parisian From Her Horse Galloped Away Into the Desert With Her Before Her Companions Could Organize Resistance.

their saddles, silhouetted against the sky. Then they charged, in a manner that left no doubt as to their lawlessness. The caravan was thrown into confusion, and before resistance could be organized, the chieftain seized Mlle. Bara and galloped away with her.

When news of the raid reached Tangier, an expeditionary force was dispatched, to round up her captors. Her father and her fiance offered a reward for her abductor, dead or alive, and at the same time opened negotiations for her ransom.

The bandit chief sent back word that no amount of money would tempt him, since he had carried off the girl because of his love for her. The messenger reported that Shereef Ibn Ali had said, "Mlle. Bara is in no danger. After a reasonable time, if she still resists my wooing, I will release her. But I do not think she will ever claim her freedom."

Then a letter from her was received by her father.

"I am reconciled to my fate," she wrote, "and have decided to marry the Shereef. I am more than satisfied with him as a lover. He is a man such as any girl might be proud of, standing out in contrast to the effeminate youths one meets in society today.

"He is what is called by some people a caveman, but I have always loved that type in my secret heart, and I am quite convinced he will make me happy."

In regard to her fiance, she wrote, "I am sorry that my decision should cause pain to Henri, but it is better we should face the facts now than find out too late that there is not between us the sentiment that I regard as absolutely essential to married happiness."

But the girl's father and her fiance could not believe the letter was genuine. To convince them, a meeting was arranged in the desert. The chief promised not to seize them for ransom and they agreed not to inform the French authorities where the meeting was to be held. Ibn Ali warned them that duplicity would accomplish nothing, since his secret agents were so skillful they would know if soldiers were in hiding near the meeting place—in which event there would be no meeting.

The father and the fiance kept faith with the chief, but they accomplished nothing. As far as Mlle. Bara was concerned, the meeting was merely a farewell to civilization.

"My child," the father pleaded, "think of what you are doing. You have let your head over this romantic chieftain. Let us grant that you are infatuated—but this is not love. It will not last. Only too soon you will regret what you have done, if you do not renounce this mad plan and return with us."

"No!" she cried. "You do not understand. It is too late. I can never go back—I do not want to go back."

"I do understand," the father replied, his voice almost choked with emotion. "I understand only too well—but I can forgive you. I am sure that Henri can forgive you too. Is it not so, Henri?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the fiance. "A thousand times—yes. I adore you, Clemence. I cannot live without you. If I have not been all that you think I should be as a fiance, I assure you I shall make up for it as a husband. Do give up this fantastic idea and go back with us. I implore you."

Mlle. Bara shook her head.

"The life of the free tribesmen appeals to me more than any other," she told her father and her fiance, so they were forced to return to Tangier, in sorrow, without her.

In preparation for her marriage to the bandit, the Parisian girl was formally received into the Moisem faith.

Betty the Suit Model's Surprised (and Surprising) Husbands

Husband No. 1 Was Surprised to Find There Was a Husband No. 2 in Paris, and No. 2 Was Surprised to Find a No. 1 in New York, but When They Got Together to Help Each Other Get Rid of Her, Beautiful Betty Was the Most Surprised of the Three

Betty and Mr. Rolland, Husband No. 2, Who Has Been Helping Out So Surprisingly Husband No. 1 in His Efforts to Divorce Betty in Return for No. 1 Helping Him to Get an Annulment.

A Regular "Alphonse and Gaston" Comradeship Grew Up Between Betty's Two Husbands, and When She Raided No. 1's Apartment With Five Detectives, What Was Her Astonishment to Find Herself Served by Husband No. 2 With a Subpoena of the Divorce Action of Husband No. 1—the Very Subpoena She Had Been Successfully Dodging for Days.

Betty Glantz-Rolland, Called the Most Beautiful American Cloak and Suit Model.

Miss Eileen Hawthorne, Declared the Most Beautiful English Cloak and Suit Model—for Comparison With American Betty.

BETTY, the beautiful suit and cloak model, reached out of bed to answer the telephone.

She was thrilled! Who wouldn't have been? It was an admiring man talking from Paris, all the way across the ocean to her boudoir in New York City, and that brief conversation had cost him $425. She heard one of the operators say so.

With a soft sigh and one of those transfigured expressions, Betty the beautiful suit model hung up the receiver.

"Who was that guy?"

It was the voice of her husband, Mr. Edward Glantz, wealthy cloak and suit manufacturer. She had forgotten that he was there beside her and he did not look at all thrilled. The beautiful model was not a model wife, according to both her husbands, who say she was careless.

"You are too suspicious. Just for that I won't tell you." So saying, beautiful Betty arose and walked majestically out of the room. A little later, Mr. Glantz says that she walked out of his life entirely.

The husband started into trace that call but it took him four years before he learned that the man was Richard Hugh Rolland of the importing house of Rolland Freres. By that time Rolland was in New York and the deserted husband had no trouble at all in seeing that Richard and Betty were running around together and apparently "living in sin," quite openly.

"In days of old, when knights were bold," the wronged husband would usually take down his best battle-axe and somebody would get hurt. In modern days when its the wives who are bold, their husbands do not always mourn their loss so vehemently, in fact, they are quite often real nice about it.

But Mr Glantz was really annoyed. At the time he married Betty Higginbotham, about eleven years ago, somebody had said, and he believed it, that she was the most beautiful model in the world. A cloak and suit model's ambition is to marry a cloak and suit manufacturer. It is a natural match, like a Follies girl and a big butter-and-egg man.

When a Follies girl marries a millionaire, she sometimes insists that he must allow her to keep right on with her stage work, though the salary is a joke compared with the allowance he gives her. No doubt on the same somewhat occult reasoning, Betty made her husband agree in advance that she was to keep right on modelling though she did not need the money and it caused her sometimes to make quite unnecessary trips to Paris.

Mr. Glantz thought Mrs. Glantz ought at least to have handed in her resignation and told him who the other man was instead of just walking out on him.

He thought too, that it was pretty fresh for a man to call another man's wife on the transatlantic telephone and perhaps make a date with her, while her husband was right beside her and he did not know how many kilocycles were listening in on that wave length and laughing at him.

So Mr. Glantz instructed Attorney Herman C. Pollack to sue Betty for divorce, naming Rolland as corespondent. While he was at it, he might as well sue Rolland for $100,000 damages for alienation of affections. Her affections ought to be worth at least that to a man willing to pay $425 just to say "hello" across 3,000 miles of cold ocean.

The proper way to acknowledge one of these invitations to come into court and lose a lot of money, is through one's own lawyer. Therefore, when Mr. Glantz found that Mr. Rolland wished to speak to him on the telephone, he was surprised and put on a battle-axe voice to the corespondent and affection-alienator.

"Say! What the—do you mean by suing my wife for divorce and me for $100,000?" demanded Mr Rolland.

"What makes you think Mrs. Betty Higginbotham Glantz is your wife?" Mr. Glantz wanted to know.

"She made me think so when she married me," answered Mr. Rolland, "And now if she gets a divorce and alimony from me that will prove it, won't it?"

"Let's have lunch together and talk this over," said Mr. Glantz, putting away his battle-axe voice. "A dreadful mistake seems to have been made."

"Two mistakes," suggested Mr. Rolland and beautiful Betty's husbands held a conference. Instead of a wicked wife-stealer, Rolland turned out to be a frank, likeable chap who convinced the other that he had married Betty, in good faith, supposing her to be free. He actually blushed at learning that Betty not only had a husband, but that he had been right beside her, during that transatlantic conversation. A year later he had married her on the understanding that she had obtained a divorce in Switzerland.

"If she has one it's as full of holes as a Swiss cheese," was Husband Number One's comment. "And forget that damage suit. I'm sorry for you. You are more to be pitied than censured."

These two matrimonial prisoners with the same "ball and chain" then put their heads together as to how to get their freedom. With what the second husband knew, it should be easy for the first to get a divorce. With what the first husband knew, it ought to be easy to get the second marriage annulled as bigamous. However, unless they watched their steps and worked fast Betty might knock them both out by getting divorce and alimony first.

Mr. Glantz's main difficulty was to serve the papers in his divorce suit on Betty who recently had become scarce and hard to find. Mr. Rolland knew that he would have the same trouble in his annulment action. One morning Mr. Rolland's telephone at his home in Larchmont, N. Y., rang.

"This is your rival," said a voice he recognized. "I haven't been able to serve your wife yet, but I just got a tip about her. I understand that she is going out with a bunch of detectives to raid your place tomorrow night or the next. She expects to find you with a woman named Louise whom you are supposed to have imported from France. So, if Louise is there you had better give her a week off."

"There isn't any Louise," interrupted Mr. Rolland indignantly, "and if those people try to break in I'll call the cops."

"Well, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, I was going to suggest another plan," said the voice on the wire and Mr. Rolland chuckled as he listened.

Two days later, just before breakfast time, the door bell rang and Mr. Rolland, a dressing gown over his pajamas, answered. The moment the door was unlatched it was pushed violently open by five husky private detectives, who rushed in followed by Betty and her sister.

"Delighted to see you!" cried Mr. Rolland in his most cordial manner, though he had almost been knocked down. "You boys will find everything open or unlocked. If you don't see what you want ask for it."

The detectives yanked open doors, peered under beds, pawed over Mr. Rolland's linen but could not find so much as a feminine handkerchief. On the dining room table they saw orange juice, toast and coffee, set virtuously for just one.

Betty's face fell at this lack of evidence of any Louises but Mr. Rolland tried to cheer her up.

"Dearest," he said, "I am so glad to see you, at last. I have been searching all over New York. Where have you been hiding all this time?"

"None of your business," replied the lady but her husband went right on cheerfully:

"Darling, I have a little communication for you from a mutual friend of ours. You'll be interested."

So saying, he drew a legal paper from the pocket of his dressing gown and bowing politely, handed it to Betty.

"Hey! You can't serve a paper in your own suit," growled one of the detectives.

"But it isn't my suit," replied Rolland. "It happens to be a divorce action by another husband who wants to retire in my favor. But he was there first so I insist on retiring in his favor, with an annulment.

"Regular Damon and Pythias — isn't that sweet!" someone remarked.

"After you, my dear Alphonse," mocked the detective.

"Exactly," agreed Mr. Rolland. "Alphonse and Gaston always ended by doing everything together. Mr. Glantz and I will both retire in favor of someone else. I am told that there is a Lord who thinks Betty looks topping when seen through a monocle."

In the hearing before Referee John Ford, in New York, Mr. Rolland proved an all-around handy man to the first husband in getting a divorce. As an expert French linquist, he offered his English translation of a document in French purporting to be a Swiss divorce obtained by Betty from Mr. Glantz. The referee, however, would not allow any translation except by the official court interpreter.

That little drama of a husband serving the divorce papers on his own wife for the benefit of another husband, while that mutual wife was raiding him for evidence to get a divorce of her own, a situation apparently new in fact or fiction, was related in the following sombre manner at the hearing where Attorney Pollack questioned Mr. Rolland as follows:

Q.—Did you on the 22nd of March 1934, serve a true copy of the summons in this action on the defendant at Chatsworth Gardens, Chatworth and Murray Avenues, Larchmont, New York, by delivering to and leaving with her a true copy of the summons? A.—I did.

Q.—Who was she? A.—Betty J. Glantz.

Q.—And did you on September 3, 1931, marry this woman? A.—I did.

The witness then testified that Betty had been in Paris almost every day of the preceding year which, if true, would void the Swiss divorce because she could not have been a resident of Switzerland. Mr. Rolland then related how he and Mrs. Glantz had lived in Paris and New York, as he then supposed properly married.

Here an unforseen predicament arose. The referee was not inclined to accept the second husband's uncorroborated testimony against his wife in favor of the first husband. Promptly Mr. Rolland filled the breach by pushing into it his own lawyer, Mr. Morris Metz, as a witness, who corroborated the testimony.

Last April, just before the Aquitania sailed for Europe, a professional process server interrupted beautiful Betty's farewells by handing her the summons in Rolland's annulment suit. A gentleman with a monocle is said to have socked the process man on the chin. But the server came back with one to the stomach, causing the gentleman to lose his monocle and say, "Oof!"

The two separated without further damage and the only important question is whether Mrs. Betty Higginbotham Glantz-Rolland was properly served. She says her second husband pointed her out to the process man. This, if true, might perhaps make the service void.

Betty's answer from Paris is that she is already divorced from Mr. Glantz and that the only relevant thing he can say is when he is going to pay all that back alimony, at $100 a month she alleges to be accumulating. As soon as she finishes her modelling job in Paris, she says she will return and get a divorce with some more alimony from Mr. Rolland.

Models on Display, and It Was Thus That Betty's Perfection as One of These Won the Hearts of Her Two Wealthy Cloak and Suit Husbands.

Photo Culver Service

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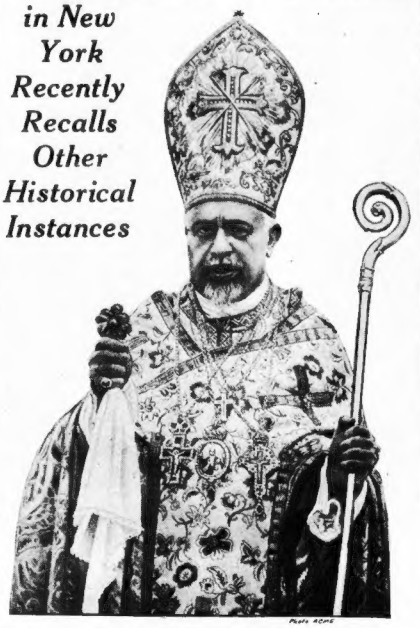
Distinguished Churchmen Murdered at the Altar

The Shocking Assassination of Archbishop Tourian in Full Vestments in His Church in New York Recently Recalls Other Historical Instances

Archbishop Philip of Moscow, Who Was Seized in the Cathedral by Czar Ivan the Terrible, and Later Surprised at His Prayers and Strangled to Death.



Archbishop Leon Tourian, in His Gorgeous Robes With Mitre and Pastoral Crozier, as He Appeared When He Was Stabbed to Death by Political Conspirators Before the Altar of the Armenian Cathedral in New York Recently.

The Learned Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, Was Dragged From His Cathedral by His Enemies and Burnt at the Stake March 21, 1556.

NO TRAGEDY in all history is, perhaps, more dramatic than the assassination of Saint Thomas a Becket, the great Archbishop of Canterbury, at the altar of his own cathedral.

The first prelate of the land, in an age when the church was all-powerful, had denounced one of the strongest kings England ever had, and a desperate body of the King's knights, reckless of the laws of God and man, hacked the Archbishop to pieces before the eyes of his own shuddering clergy.

This deed with its extraordinary violence and its accompanying contrasts of saintliness and wickedness seems to belong to the Dark Ages.

But a few months ago another archbishop was stabbed to death before his own altar under conditions scarcely less dramatic than the historic assassination of Thomas a Becket—and this tragedy happened in New York. Archbishop Leon Tourian, the head of the Armenian Church in America, was not unlike Archbishop a Becket in his courage, his commanding stature and other characteristics. Archbishop Tourian, like Thomas a Becket, was murdered by conspirators for political reasons rather than for religious ones. Even the way of killing the New York Archbishop—with a butcher's cleaver—resembled the hacking to death of the unarmed prelate by the knights in ancient days. Two of the murderers of Archbishop Tourian have recently been tried and convicted and sentenced to the electric chair, while seven others, found guilty as conspirators, were convicted of first degree manslaughter, and were sentenced to from ten to twenty years in State's prison.

In all ages of history, violent death has not infrequently befallen prelates and priests as they performed their sacred duties at the altar.

At 10 o'clock Sunday morning, the day before Christmas, Archbishop Tourian and his armed bodyguard, a man named Gargodian, arrived at the Holy Cross Armenian Apostolic Church, in West 187th St., New York, and put on his archiepiscopal brocaded robes and tall white mitre. The organ pealed, the congregation rose and the Archbishop's procession started down the aisle. First came the surpliced choir, followed by two acolytes bearing tall candles. Next walked Bishop Goradedian, then the Archbishop bearing a golden crozier, and last, two more acolytes carrying apostolic staffs of silver. The gray-bearded Archbishop dominated the scene with his height of six feet four inches, and his great bulk of 215 pounds.

As he came even with the fifth row of pews from the front, four men leaped at him, two from each side, and a long heavy knife, sharpened on both edges, struck him three times in the abdomen. It was wielded by one of the four men.

He fell into the pew at his right, his mitre tumbling to the floor, and his crozier bending beneath him. As his life blood ebbed away, he turned his face towards the east wall of the church where there is a painting of the Crucifixion. It was strangely like the dying action of Thomas a Becket.

Then came a more modern note in the tragedy. Gargodian, the bodyguard, drew his pistol and shouted to the congregation to keep back, but the worshipers crowded towards the assassins as the man with the knife raced down the aisle seeking to escape.

Alarmed by the uproar a policeman entered the church and was immediately thrown down by the rush of the congregation. He leaped to his feet and laid hold of two men who turned out to be innocent worshipers.

The stricken Archbishop, meanwhile was being assisted to the vestry, where all he could say was: "I am badly wounded." A few minutes later a doctor from a nearby hospital pronounced him dead.

The emotion in the Armenian sections of New York was intense. One Armenian, wearing a white apron, raced through the streets shouting: "Arachnord spanvanz e!" ("The Archbishop is killed!") The excitement spread to other parts of the country, for the Archbishop was head of his church in all North and South America, except California, and was, perhaps, the most prominent Armenian in the country.

It appeared that he was killed because he was in sympathy with the present Soviet Government established in Armenia, while his murderers wanted to restore the republic. They were so quickly mixed up with the congregation that they escaped in the confusion. Later the two ringleaders were captured, and were identified by forty witnesses.

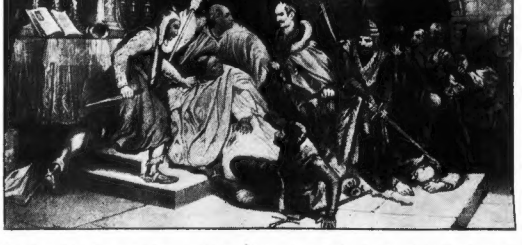
Four knights assassinated Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1170, just as four criminals killed Archbishop Tourian in New York. Thomas a Becket had denounced King Henry II for usurping control of certain church affairs, such as the trial of priests, contrary to law. Four of the King's most unscrupulous and savage henchmen left London for Canterbury to make the Archbishop retract.

Knowing that they meant to kill him, the Archbishop directed his cross to be carried before him and passed from his palace slowly through the cloisters into the Cathedral at the hour of vespers. While he was ascending the steps leading to the altar Reginald Fitzurse, the leader of the conspirators, entered the Cathedral in complete armor, followed by the other three knights, all brandishing their weapons. It was already dark in the Cathedral and the knights could not see clearly who was there. The Archbishop might have hidden, but he scorned to do so.

"Where is the traitor a Becket?" cried Reginald Fitzurse.

"Here am I, Reginald Fitzurse," the Archbishop replied from the steps of the altar, "no traitor, but a priest of God. What do ye armed in the house of God?"

Fitzurse struck at the Archbishop's head with his sword. One of the prelate's servants partially warded off the blow. A second blow descended, and while the blood was streaming from his face the Archbishop turned to the altar and bowed his head, murmuring in Latin:



The Great Saint Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, Having Condemned the Illegal Acts of King Henry II, Was Attacked by Four Knights and Hacked to Pieces as He Prayed at the Vesper Hour Before the Altar at Canterbury Cathedral in 1170.

"In manus tuas, domine" (Into Thy hands, O Lord).

Another knight struck him with an axe as he fell, and then all of them hacked and mutilated him savagely. One of them is said to have kicked the lifeless body saying: "So perishes a traitor."

It is interesting to read about the penance and punishment which Pope Alexander III inflicted on the mighty King of England for his share in this crime. The Pope threatened to excommunicate the King, unless he made abject submission. Excommunication would have meant that the King would have been shut out of every church, refused the sacraments, and treated as a leper, that all his subjects would have had leave to rebel against him and that his body would have been left unburied. The King humbly disclaimed all responsibility for the heinous crime and offered to furnish two hundred well-equipped horsemen for the protection of the Holy Sepulchre, but this did not satisfy the Pope, and finally the King was forced to make a pilgrimage from London in sackcloth and ashes to the tomb of Archbishop a Becket, who had been buried in the Cathedral with royal honors.

As soon as the towers of the Cathedral appeared on the horizon, the wretched King dismounted and proceeded on his way bare-footed, his feet leaving drops of blood at every step. On his arrival at the tomb he prostrated himself and submitted to the humiliation of a severe flogging at the hands of the monks, each of whom applied to his bare back many strokes from a knotted rope.

Having undergone this public chastisement, the King remained, praying and fasting all through the following night, prostrated on the tombstone. Next morning he returned to London, where he fell seriously ill from the effects of his pilgrimage and the injury to his pride.

A sudden and cruel death has just overtaken an Italian priest at the altar. The Reverend Father Stanislao Roni, parish priest of the Village of Fabbri di Montefalco, in Italy, was celebrating mass in his church. He had just drunk the consecrated wine from the chalice, when the cup dropped from his hand and he fell down in agony in front of the altar.

"I have been poisoned," he cried, and in a few minutes he was dead.

In this case the criminals had committed the supreme sacrilege of introducing poison into the wine used in the mass. Investigation revealed the presence of strychnine in the form of a white powder at the bottom of the cup. A cousin of the murdered priest and his son were arrested on suspicion.

In the days of Czar Ivan the Terrible of Russia, Philip, the saintly Archbishop of Moscow, met a cruel death at the hands of the Czar, the most blood-thirsty tyrant of whom history has any record. Philip had had the courage to denounce the Czar's atrocities and had refused to bless him, a serious matter when the world was intensely religious. During the festival of the Archangel Michael, the Oprichina, the Czar's bodyguard, a band of picked cutthroats, broke into the Cathedral of the Assumption and attacked Philip as he officiated at the altar clad in his full robes of office. They beat him, tore his vestments from his body, wrapped him in a sheet, and hurried him, half conscious, to a cell in a monastery. There he once more refused to give Ivan his blessing, although nearly dead from starvation and ill-treatment. After that the Czar and his henchmen surprised the aged prelate at prayer in his cell and strangled him to death, an episode recorded in an interesting painting.

There were strange scenes of violence and passion when Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, was burned at the stake in the reign of Queen Mary Tudor in 1556, on charges of heresy and treason. Cranmer was the Archbishop who had given Henry VIII his divorce from Catherine of Aragon, Queen Mary's mother, and had played a leading part in the Reformation period. He was condemned to death after a long trial, but the actual death scene was accompanied by extraordinary acts and outbreaks, according to some historians.

Cranmer had recanted all his alleged heresies in the hope of saving his life, but when he found he was to be executed just the same he recanted all his recantations. His enemies were infuriated at this, and dragged him to the stake in great haste. The burning took place in front of St. Mary's Church, Oxford, where Cranmer had often preached, and within sight of the altar, as some say. He was stripped of his clerical robes and all his clothes except his shirt when he was tied to the stake, and treated with great indignity, according to some writers. The tragedy has been the subject of much controversy.

Strange to say, three Archbishops of Paris met violent deaths in the pursuance of their duties during the nineteenth century. There are few more conspicuous offices in France than that of Archbishop of Paris. Under the monarchy this prelate held a position very close to the King, and at times even rivaling him, and in all great national emergencies, such as civil wars, revolutions and sieges, the Archbishop played a prominent part. In 1857 Archbishop Sibour was assassinated in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont by a crazed priest named Verger, whom he had suspended, a man of violent and disgraceful character and perhaps insane. The Archbishop knew his danger, but bravely proceeded to officiate in the Church of St. Etienne in order to set a good example, and he met a martyr's death.

When the Communists of Paris started a brief but fierce rebellion against the French Government during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, they seized Archbishop Darboy as a hostage for the safety of Communist prisoners who had been taken by the Government. The Government shot the prisoners taken in arms and the Communists thereupon retaliated by shooting Archbishop Darboy, although he had done no injury to them and had in fact tried to make peace.

The excitable Paris mob broke into rebellion and raised barricades in the streets in June, 1848. Archbishop Affre heroically attempted to stop the slaughter. He climbed upon one of the principal barricades and endeavored to persuade its defenders to submit to the lawful government. The Archbishop fell dead from the barricade with several bullets in his body.

No less than four archbishops were put to death in Constantinople by the Turks during the Greek War of Independence, beginning in 1821, while in the performance of their sacred duties. Of these the most renowned and heroic was Gregory, the Patriarch of Constantinople, the highest office in the vast Eastern Orthodox Church, an office that has existed since the days of the ancient Roman Empire. The position of Patriarch, it need hardly be explained, corresponds nearly to that of Archbishop.

As the Patriarch Gregory was concluding the celebration of divine service on the eve of Easter Sunday, 1821, he was seized by Turkish officers in front of the altar, stripped of his pontifical robes, dragged out of his Cathedral and ignominiously hanged at the gate of his own palace. The poor Patriarch's body was left hanging for three days, was then cut down by the Turks and handed over by them to the lowest Mohammedan rabble, who dragged it through the streets and finally threw it into the sea.

On the following night a few brave and devoted Christians recovered the body and conveyed it to Odessa, in Russian territory, where, on July 1, 1821, it was interred with great pomp before a vast and sorrowing multitude. The news of the sacrilegious murder excited feelings of fierce indignation throughout Europe and the world and considerably assisted the cause of Greek independence. The Patriarch Gregory and his three colleagues, who later suffered death under similar conditions, were martyrs who died for their race and their religion.

It is some consolation to know that such crimes have nearly always had the opposite result from that which the criminals intended.

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Had 42,000 Proposals of Marriage in 6 Weeks

Some Offered Titles, Some Held Out Money, But Mrs. Taucher, Who Looks Like Mae West, Said: "Raspberries! Nobody Loved Me Till I Inherited That $4,000,000"

"DON'T marry anybody until you've seen me. Coming Chicago. Wait."

This confident and business-like ten-word wire was one of 42,000 proposals of marriage by telephone, telegraph, mail, personal call and nearly every other conceivable method, which descended upon Mrs. Frances Taucher as soon as the public here and abroad learned that she had inherited $4,000,000.

Probably every poor girl has day-dreamed of what would happen if she should wake up some morning a rich and beautiful heiress. Mrs. Taucher went to bed one night in Chicago a working woman, with two children to support. Her husband had gladly given her a divorce, the custody of the two children and a total, lump-sum alimony of seven dollars. But that was seven dollars more than anyone else had given her, and, as far as she knew, nobody loved her that night when she closed her eyes.

Next morning she woke up no more beautiful than before, but the newspapers had revealed that Mrs. Taucher had just inherited a chain of Italian macaroni and spaghetti factories, worth over $4,000,000, and the snowstorm of proposals began.

Her telephone became useless because it rang constantly, day and night, and every time she said "Hello" it answered with a proposal of marriage. Messenger boys came from the two telegraph companies with basketfuls of matrimonial offerings, mostly in night-letter length, but some in ten words. Her mail came in sacks. She had to employ a secretary to plough through this blizzard of correspondence in order to rescue an occasional letter from a friend or some legitimate business source.

Within six weeks she had documentary evidence on which to make any of 42,000 men marry her or be sued for breach of promise. But Mrs. Taucher only smiled. She doubted if there was the making of a decent husband in that whole lot, or one man substantial enough to be worth suing. Still, some actually offered her money until such time as she could get hold of her inheritance.

Fortunately for Mrs. Taucher, she is not only naturally smart, but a child-hood and marriage at the age of thirteen were full of such bitter experiences that she is "hard-boiled" and not easy to fool. She knows that only honest people can afford to be grouches, that crooks go around wreathed in beautiful smiles and just dripping with love and the milk of human kindness. Those offers of cash she knew must be bait; still they puzzled her. One man, who gave his telephone number, begged her to accept $2,000. Anyone with that much balance in the bank must be fairly prosperous. Why should he try to bait an heiress with it?

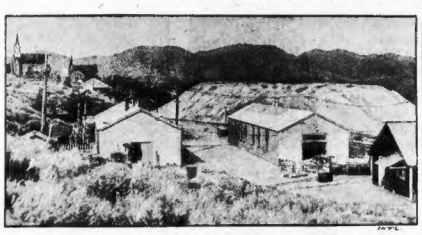
Mrs. Taucher called the benevolent soul from a pay station and asked why he wished to hand a stranger $2,000. Because he was in love with her—in love with her picture he had seen, in the papers; in love with her hair and eyes and everything, he said.

"Have you actually got $2,000?" she asked.

"No," said the man, "I haven't a cent. But if you will agree to accept it from me I will go out and raise it somehow."

"Thanks. You needn't bother," she told him and hung up. His scheme was clear now. The fellow could not borrow a cent himself. But, on the strength of a letter from her, as her agent, he could. That loan would put her under obligation if not to marry him, at least, to repay it many times over.

Mrs. Frances Taucher, Who, After Starting Out as a Poor Little Immigrant Girl in a Wyoming Mining Village, Inherited $4,000,000 Worth of Macaroni Factories.



A Typical Western Mining Village, Such as That to Which Mrs. Taucher Came from Ljubljana, in Jugoslavia.

The mail and telephone proposals as well as the longer telegrams all expressed varying degrees of the grand passion. It was strange for a woman to be told that 42,000 men were pining away for love of her, though not even one per cent of them had ever seen her. Most of them, like the charitable soul who wanted to give her the two thousand dollars he did not have, had fallen in love with her picture. Several hundred had invented a little better explanation. They said they had been introduced on a street corner, but had lost her name and address, which had made it impossible to declare their love until they recognized her beloved face in the paper.

Some of the suitors were married and living in seeming happiness with their wives and children. But, as one of them wrote:

"What of it? Just because a man has a job is no reason why he shouldn't look for a better one, if he is ambitious. A man may be matrimonially ambitious."

These heart-and-hand offerers may have been no good morally and financially, but some had titles which many heiresses have thought worth paying for. On of these was an Italian count who sent her six roses and a poem every day for several weeks. Even if one was mean enough to doubt his passion for her, nobody could question it for the output of her factories. One day he collapsed under the strain of the love suit and brought a law suit against her, charging "humiliation because she had not reacted at all." This was something of a legal novelty, so much so that the courts reacted by throwing his case out.

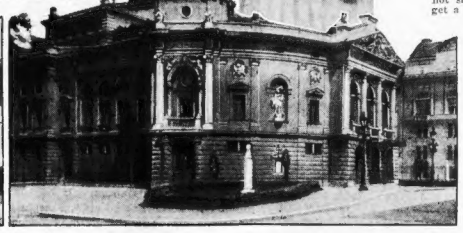
All alone, at the age of thirteen, unable to speak a word of English and with a card of instructions, like a freight invoice, pinned on her little coat, Frances appeared in New York Harbor one day. She had been born in Jugoslavia, but when her mother died and her father married a woman who didn't like the girl, it seemed a good idea to ship her to her father's brother who had migrated to a town in Wyoming. It was the brother's punishment for boasting of his success in the "new world."

His letters had said that he owned the saloon, hotel and almost everything else in the town, to say nothing of being its mayor. This was true, but it was a very small town, supported entirely by the men who worked in just one mine. Its mayor was not exactly a national figure.

Her uncle was not glad to see her. He had plenty of troubles already. So he immediately laid plans to marry off the latest addition to his household—in spite of the fact that she was still hardly more than a child. And being a good business man, he decided to kill two birds with one stone. A pit boss (the man in charge of one of the mine pits) was selected to be the prospective groom. Frances' uncle felt that in selecting this man, he was not only getting rid of another mouth to feed in his own home but was also putting the pit boss, a man of consequence, under obligations to him. In gratitude the man would throw trade his way.

Two months after her arrival, Frances (still thirteen years old) and the pit boss were wed. Everybody in town came to the wedding and caroused till midnight. Then someone happened to notice that the bride was missing. They found her the following morning almost dead from cold (it was February and she was without a coat) in a shack back of her uncle's house. She had crept there shortly after dinner on the previous night because of her terror at the thought of marriage.

During the next four years Frances lived the life of a mining town hausfrau. She bore her husband two children, a boy and a girl and, single-handed, she took care of his house and fourteen boarders. Today, she is unable to explain why the work didn't kill her.



The Opera House at Ljubljana, Where She Was Given a Royal Reception After She Inherited the Fortune—But Wouldn't Have Been Allowed to Enter Before She Came to the United States. And Above—Mrs. Taucher With One of Her Two Children Just After She Escaped From Her Life of Toil in the Mining Town.

In addition to tending to her own immediate family and keeping the house straight, she usually had to prepare at least five full meals a day for the various shifts of mine workers.

At the end of four years she went to her husband and told him she was going away. "I can't live this life any longer," she said. As they had not been getting along well anyway, he did not object very strenuously. In fact, he was extremely reasonable. He let her take both children and even gave her seven dollars in cash. Frances did not say good-bye to her uncle.

With that seven dollars she worked her way, children and all, to Chicago and was head designer in a millinery establishment, at $125 a week, last October when a voice purporting to be that of the Italian Consul said on the telephone:

"Anton Klemenek, a relative of yours, died October first, leaving an estate of about $8,500,000. You and Signor Klemenek's brother, now in Italy, are the two heirs."

Except for that seven dollars nobody had ever given Mrs. Taucher anything. She could not remember this Anton, but did remember that all her relatives on both sides seemed never to have more than 30 cents per capita.

"Quit your kidding," she said and hung up. A moment later the telephone rang again and the same voice said:

"This is the Italian Consul . . ."

"So is your old man," interrupted busy Mrs. Taucher and hung up again.

"Can you beat it?" said the Consul. "I am trying to hand this woman more than $4,000,000 and she high-hats me."

So the reporters and photographers took over the job of convincing Mrs. Taucher that she was a very rich woman. The next morning, before she had read the papers or even waked up, the telephone rang with the first of those proposals.

In defense of those 42,000 admirers it is only fair to say that one of the papers described Frances as "a bigger and better Mae West." Lots of men would sign a contract to love at sight a woman built on those specifications.

A Wisconsin farmer sent her the following:

"There is no reason, now that you have money, that you should not raise chickens. I raised them many years myself when I had money. Am sending you my photograph and a time-table with the best trains marked. Just let me know which train you are coming on and I will be down to the station to meet you. Later on, if you behave like you should, we will get married."

"But if anybody has money, why would he want to raise chickens?" Mrs. Taucher wrote him as she returned his photograph. But he scorned to reply.

She has also received a proposal and a poem a day from a gentleman she met in Jugoslavia. Here is a sample:

"My wounded heart
Will lament all my life long,
And no one but Frances
Can tender me the healing.

"One night I'll come to you
And knock on your window
And if you don't have mercy
And will not return my love
I'll wrench my heart from my breast
And make you a present of it,
And then the whole world will know
Who is my slayer."

"One man," says Mrs. Taucher, "used to stand outside my hotel window every day, and, although I never met him, he would write me letters. Here is one of them: 'Dear Frances: Not able to understand, a man wonders and asks himself what makes you so cold. Nov. 2 I'll depart and we'll never see each other again.' But as a gentleman I cannot leave here without an explanation from you. My manlike pride will not permit it! Last night was terrible to me! You had a rendezvous with some one. I know it and my nerves were shaken—not to mention my soul! Last night I was dead for you! I am awaiting an answer in the Metro Cafe. If I do not get it I will come to you myself—without regard for etiquette. Forgive me but my soul is restless. Hand kissing."

Some of the heiress' own sex could not resist trying to get a bite of the $4,000,000 plum. A California woman wrote a long, sad letter, full of motherly advice. She, too, had been a rich woman, but, alas! had married and let her husband fritter it all away. If Mrs. Taucher should ever marry again she must put her husband on an allowance, the smaller the better, and never let him handle a cent of the rest of the fortune. Following this advice would save Frances millions, but all the California lady asked was a modest little check for $2,000.

On the same day came a letter from a Kansas City broker. He was the ideal mate for a lady with $4,000,000 because he knew all the financial ropes and could invest her fortune for her. He would sell those macaroni factories and put the money into tax-exempt bonds so she would not have to pay any income tax at all. He was not single at the moment but would get a divorce right away. Meanwhile he would come to Chicago and take charge of her affairs if she would wire him carfare. Two other careful gentlemen wanted her signed promise to marry before they started divorce proceedings.

Mrs. Taucher had heard that Americans had gotten the begging habit from charity drives during the war and that now everybody was trying to live off somebody else if they couldn't live off the government, but when she started to Europe to collect the inheritance she found it just as bad. On the steamer men began with marriage, then tried to get her into business and finally into a poker game.

"When I landed, the papers called me the 'Money Princess' and I was invited several times a week to meet all the Marcheses, Princes and Counts. A Count is no account without a bank account, and how they all did love the thought of marrying mine.

"In Jugoslavia, the papers were full of headlines, saying: 'Our Dollar Princess Has Arrived!' I was hailed all over as the finest woman that the land ever brought up. In short, I was a miracle. They could not figure how anybody who was born where I was could come out so great. I often wonder about that myself.

"Then I came at last to my home town, Ljubljana, and the flags were out, bells were ringing, accordions were playing, and everybody was shouting 'Hurray!' The mayor met me and everybody, that was anybody, was with him and Oh! how happy they were that their little black sheep had come safely home! They gave me a big reception in the Opera House—which I wouldn't have been allowed inside before.

"I stayed there a while and proposals came in great numbers. Two very distinguished men even proposed by telephone. One I had met and the other I had not. The second was a famous diplomat and he began by asking me to have dinner with him. I said I did not make a habit of going to dinner with someone I didn't know; we should have to become acquainted first. But he said that kind of etiquette was not for people like us. We were aristocrats, he said, and with us it was not necessary to be introduced."

But after spurning all these lures, she fell for something else. Jugoslavia is a tiny state but its subjects speak three different languages resulting in a lot of unnecessary street fights, misprints and general misunderstanding. Mrs. Taucher is going to mix the three dialects into one sort of verbal cocktail. Then she expects to make them all like it by giving it to them in sound pictures which she is going to produce with the money the fortune hunters could not get away from her.

A Mass Photograph of About Two Thousand Men—And It Would Take a Crowd Twenty-One Times Larger Than This Shown Here If All the Men Who Proposed Marriage to Mrs. Taucher After She Inherited $4,000,000 Were Collected in Mass and Photographed.

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Behind the Scenes With Royalty

Netley Lucas, Notorious Criminal, Who Managed to Gain the Confidence of Queens, Princesses and Many Distinguished Personages, Writes of His Experiences With Some of the Crowned Heads of Europe

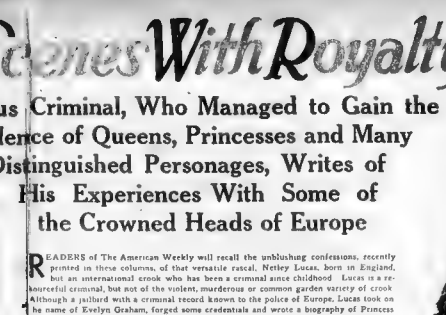
READERS of The American Weekly will recall the unblushing confessions, recently printed in these columns, of that versatile rascal, Netley Lucas, born in England, but an international crook who has been a criminal since childhood. Lucas is a resourceful criminal, but not of the violent, murderous or common garden variety of crook. Although a jailbird with a criminal record known to the police of Europe, Lucas took on the name of Evelyn Graham, forged some credentials and wrote a biography of Princess Mary, daughter of the King of England, which she graciously edited and approved. He imposed upon the British Ambassador in Madrid, who arranged for him a private audience with the Queen of Spain in the Royal Palace—and wheedled Her Majesty into collaborating with him in her biography.

Perhaps his most daring exploit was with Lord Justice Darling, one of the most severe and learned judges in the criminal courts of England. Lucas, the ex convict, and the Lord Justice sat together in intimate conference while the rascal obtained material for the biography, which the Judge never dreamed was being prepared by a beguiling criminal.

Lucas, alias Graham, is a confessed impostor and liar, and there is no certainty that all the alleged facts set forth by him on this page are true. Lucas asserts they are the truth, and at least they are interesting.

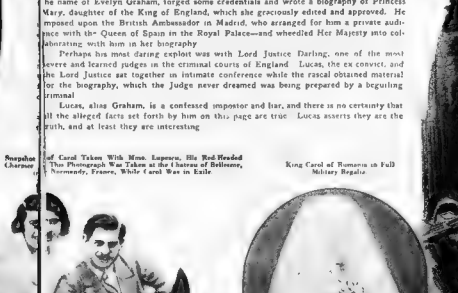
The Well Stocked Private Dressing Table of Marie, Dowager Queen of Rumania.

Dowager Queen Marie of Rumania, From a Photograph Taken by the Court Photographer and Sent With Her Autograph to Friends at Christmas a Few Years Ago.



Sapphos Charmer

Her Majesty the Former Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain.



Princess Helen of Greece Discussed Wife of King Carol of Rumania, and Her Son, Prince Michael of Rumania

Of Carol Taken With Mme. Lupescu, His Red-Headed Sweetheart. This Photograph Was Taken at the Chateau of Bellevenay, Normandy, France, While Carol Was in Exile.

King Carol of Rumania in Full Military Regalia.

By Netley Lucas

CHAPTER II

HIGHER and higher up the tortuous mountain road my car climbed, its bonnet directed at the portcullis and gates of the historical Castle of Sinaia—Summer palace of the Rumanian Royal Family. Two days before I had received in Paris a cable message that an audience had been arranged with Marie, Queen of Rumania, at this castle. Now, Queen Marie of Rumania is the greatest wire-puller in the Balkan States. She is a woman Charlemagne—there is only one other Queen in Europe with her pep and personality, and that is Queen Mary of England. But then, Marie is an Englishwoman too, and was the daughter of the British Duke of Edinburgh, before she married the late King Ferdinand of Rumania.

Marie has a way with her. She is the storm petrel of the Balkans. Six countries fear her. She has Yugo-Slavia in her pocket, as her daughter is Queen to King Alexander. She narrowly missed putting pretty Princess Ileana on the throne of Bulgaria. Mussolini beat her to it by marrying Boris to an Italian Royal Princess. Marie then turned her eyes to the Prince of Wales. To mingle her coat-of-arms with the "feathers of Wales" would have sent her to the seventh heaven of delight. But Queen Mary discovered at Buckingham Palace," did not consider Princess Ileana good enough anyway, as the Prince of Wales didn't care for her.

Queen Marie's great ambition for a time was to get Queen Mary's third son, the Duke of Gloucester, for Leana, but the Duke dodged, and now the pretty Princess is married. The Duke wants Princess Ingrid of Sweden, but she prefers his younger brother Prince George. What a matrimonial melting pot the royal game is." But Marie of Rumania has a particular bee bonnet in her person of the red-headed Jewess, Magda Lupescu—the "Red Lupescu," charmer of Rumania's King Carol of Rumania.

As my chauffeur swung the car round a corner perilously near the yawning precipice which bordered the road, I wondered whether it was on account of the "Red Lupescu" that I was being brought from the delights of Paris to the wooded loveliness of the Rumanian hinterland. This was in the end of 1929, before Carol's romp ahead of which wrested the throne from young King Michael, his son.

With a screeching of brakes, the big car came to a standstill before the Castle of Sinaia. The sentry presented arms, and as I descended from the car a posse of servants rushed forward to take my bags and a major-domo in gorgeous livery asked me to follow him, as Colonel Zwednek, Queen Marie's Chamberlain, was awaiting me. He shook me warmly by the hand as I was ushered into the Queen's antechamber, and after asking me what sort of a journey I had had, suggested that I might like to be conducted to the rooms that had been reserved for me before I was presented to the Queen. What he really meant was that I should retire and doff my tweed travelling suit and get into the morning coat, striped trousers and white spats which are de rigueur—as I well knew—for all royal audiences. An hour later, I was bending over the hand of stately Queen Marie, and at her request seated myself at the tea-table which was spread a l'anglaise in a turreted window overlooking the gorgeous Carpathian Mountains.

"It is good of you to come so quickly, Mr Graham," she said, "I have just finished reading your biography of the Queen of Spain. Most interesting—most interesting. Queen Ena and I are relatives, of course, you know." I nodded, and helped myself to Rumanian pastry. Several ladies of the court were present, and as I was not to the footmen had cleared the tea things away and the Queen and I were alone that she revealed to me the real reason for my command to the Castle of Sinaia. It was as interesting as I expected it to be, knowing my Queen Marie.

As I had surmised, it was Magda Lupescu, from [illegible] Prince Carol in the South of France, who was troubling the mind of Her Majesty. [illegible] seeking a way to get this red-haired beauty away from her son. She realized [illegible] that the [illegible] Prince Carol's mistress [illegible] tion to get the better of her. Womanlike, she realized that the only way in which to break this alliance of the [illegible] passion was to put in Prince Carol's way a counter-attraction [illegible] [illegible] had got to deal with it. I was not long left in doubt. I was to resist the "counter attraction" from Bucharest to Nice, and arrange for her to meet Prince Carol in such a way that he would not suspect that she was an agent provocateur from somewhere. If the lady traveled alone, she would [illegible] able to accomplish the necessary meeting. Also Colonel Zwednek, or one of Queen Marie's staff—in fact, a Rumanian of any kind—would immediately arouse suspicion. My reputation for discretion and my work at the Spas and Belgian courts as a trusted agent were well known at the Rumanian court, and as an international man of position it was believed that I should be able to accomplish this [illegible] [illegible] another of the Rumanian secret [illegible]

"I shall be glad indeed, Your Majesty," I said when the Queen had finished making me of what she wanted me to do. I did not mention reward because I knew Marie's generosity. I should be given carte blanche with regard to expenses, in any case, there was a Rumanian order which I had long coveted, and which I felt sure I should be given if I carried out the mission. Pressing my hand in silent thanks, Queen Marie touched a button on her desk and a moment later Madame Lenoyan—her private secretary, entered and curtsied.

"Send Mlle. Simonescu to me," said the Queen.

A few minutes later the door opened, and there entered the room one of the loveliest women I had ever seen. Tall, dark, with perfectly modelled features, her figure would have caused Flo Ziegfeld to cross the world in the hope of getting her for his Follies. She curtsied low to Queen Marie.

"You wish to see me, Your Majesty" she said in a low voice, which sent a peculiar thrill through me. Here indeed, was a woman no man could help falling for! I mentally took my hat off to Prince Carol's royal mother for her choice. I felt that Magda Lupescu had as good as lost her royal lover already. The Queen introduced me to this perfect creature.

"Mr Graham is to accompany you to Cannes," said Her Majesty. "I am sure he will take very good care of you, my dear. I want you to leave tomorrow morning by car for Bucharest, and stay at the Athenee Palace Hotel. There Colonel Cernarkescu of the Foreign Office will provide you, [illegible] passport in the name of Natalie Kuski, [illegible] used for France. Reservations will be taken by you, Mr Graham, on the Orient Express, and you will leave tomorrow evening for Paris and make your own arrangements for your journey to the South of France. You will stay at the Carlton Hotel at Cannes. Here, Mr Graham, is a draft on the Bank of Rumania in Bucharest for 20,000 francs as initial expenses, another credit [illegible] will find at the Credit Lyonnais at Cannes. Now, is that quite clear? Is there anything you would like to ask me, Mr Graham?"

"I think you can rely on my initiative, Your Majesty," I said. "Your instructions will be carried out to the letter."

"Thank you, Mr Graham," said the Queen "I shall like you both to dine with me privately, at eight o'clock, so that we can have another talk."

I rose to my feet and left the Queen's boudoir, accompanied by my beautiful companion for the peculiar adventure. I was not sorry to do so, and for an hour talked to her [illegible] about our proposed journey. She was, I learned, the daughter of a court official, and was devoted to Queen Marie, being one of her maids of honor. When the Queen had selected her for this mission, she had sagely asserted to undertake the task of luring Prince Carol away from his red-headed Jewish mistress—this, in spite of the fact that she was engaged to an officer in the Royal Guards. Loyalty, she had placed her own feelings behind those of her duty to her country. I lauded her action—although considering it a great pity that such a lovely creature should have to sacrifice herself in such a way.

Early next morning my car was speeding down the steep mountain road away from the Castle of Sinaia. At my side sat beautiful Elizabeth Simonescu; her luggage with mine being strapped to the back of the car. The drive to Bucharest was delightful, not only because of the beautiful scenery we passed through, but also on account of my charming traveling companion. As dusk was falling we dined in a French [illegible] of the Athenee Palace Hotel in Bucharest and booked rooms. I then made reservations for the following day on the Orient Express—finding very fortunate to get two compartments next door to each other on the sleeping car.

Elizabeth's passport in the agreed name was delivered to her, and on the night of November 10th, 1929, we sat side by side in the restaurant car of the Orient Express, Paris bound, enjoying an excellent dinner. We had improved the occasion the night before to become extraordinarily good friends over chicken pilaff and Danau '09 at Capsa's famous restaurant in Bucharest, and as we sat over our coffee, sipped our liqueurs and smoked contemplative cigarettes, I began to wish that we were not bound on a mission in the cause of a Royal Family, but were really lovers going for sentimental reasons. Suddenly, my pretty companion drew my attention to a tall, rather amber looking man sitting at another table. He was glaring at Elizabeth Simonescu through his monocle with an intensity mixed with a certain amount of pardonable admiration. Man-like, I began to feel annoyed. "How dared he"

"That man is in the next compartment to mine," said lovely Mlle. Simonescu. "He seems to take rather an exaggerated interest in us, don't you think?"

"In you—who wouldn't?" I murmured gallantly.

"La, la! It is not the time for idle compliments, my friend," replied my companion, "I have a suspicion that he is not interested so much in me as a woman—as in—our mission."

"Perhaps you are right."

"I don't feel that I want to sleep next to him!"

"You needn't—we will change our berths," I replied.

"Do you mind?"

"Not a bit." Little did I think then exactly what I was laying in store for myself. Now in Continental sleeping cars, as the reader probably knows, there is a cabine de toilette between every two rooms for the use of both occupants. A door from each side admits the occupants, who share the washing facilities, etc. It did not take me long to shift my luggage into my companion's berth and back into mine, and half an hour later I was next to the tall, amber gentleman, while Mlle. Simonescu had as neighbors myself on one side and a dear old Rumanian lady on the other. Between the two of us she could not come to much harm.

Secretly I put her suspicions of my neighbor on the right-hand side down to a woman's whim. A girl of her extraordinary beauty must always attract admirers. I did not think it was [illegible] Shortly before midnight as the Orient Express roared through the night across Europe I bade good night to my companion, and, undressing, got into my berth and settled down to read for an hour. Gradually lulled by the swaying of the train, I fell into a doze.

I do not know what it was that awakened me—unless it was a sense of impending danger which affects all those who often have to carry their personal safety in their own hands. Anyway, I was suddenly wide-awake, wondering a little what had awakened me. Pending that it was nothing but the jolting of the train, I switched off the light over my head and settled down to sleep. Then suddenly I heard a strange sound and at once returned to full consciousness. I turned over on my side lying on my back and looked towards the door that led to the cabine de toilette.

Was I mistaken, or was it really moving? I watched silently wishing to goodness I had a revolver as I should have had, and I had been the hero of an Edgar Wallace or Le Queux thriller. There was no doubt about it—someone was opening the door. Suddenly, I smiled in the darkness as an amusing thought crossed my mind. The Gay Lothario was stealing in on the Sleeping Beauty—as he thought. I almost laughed aloud at the piquancy of the situation. I decided to play possum—let the would-be seducer creep in on me, and then enjoy to the full his discomfiture. I half shut my eyes and waited.

The door opened and a figure entered. The moonlight from the window glinted on his "glass eye"—it was the amateur and monocled gentleman himself. I lay very still. He edged into the room, then suddenly he brought something from behind his back, and brought it down on my face. It was a towel reeking of the sickly but unmistakable fumes of chloroform. This was too much of a good thing. I struggled fiercely and—yes, I admit it—let out a yell at the top of my voice.

So unexpected was that masculine shout, that [illegible] my assailant because he relaxed his attack for a moment, and I threw him off me. I sprang to my feet. He disappeared through the door to the lavatory, and out from the other side into his own room.

A knock came at the door, and the voice of Elizabeth Simonescu asked me what was the matter. Throwing on a dressing gown, I opened the door and admitted her. Quickly I related what had happened. Her concern for my safety was, I think, tinged with a certain amount of amusement that I had been attacked in her place. Personally, I was thankful that it had not been she. Without doubt she would have been overcome, and then the man would have been able to encompass his wicked purpose. It was only later when I was in Bucharest again that I was told by the head of the Rumanian Secret Police that it had been planned to chloroform the girl first, and then pitch her body from the train going at high speed so that her death would look like an accident, and that she had fallen from the train in some manner.

However, as we talked it over we decided that no good could come of our having the man arrested. The disturbance had not aroused the conductor, who was, we learned, taking a night-cap with the man in charge of the restaurant-car. In view of the secrecy of our mission, we came to the conclusion that the best thing we could do would be to keep our mouths shut and our eyes very wide open in the future.

The next morning I looked for the man who had attacked me, but he did not appear. I took a look at his room and found it empty. I asked the conductor where the tall, monocled gentleman had gone. He told me that he had left the train at the Rumanian frontier.

On our arrival in Paris I telephoned to the Royal Castle at Sinaia, and told Queen Marie's Secretary what had happened. He promised to inform the Queen, and instructed us to wait at the Hotel Crillon pending further instructions. The following day I received a wire in code from the Queen's Chamberlain instructing me to proceed on my mission to Cannes, as the Secret Police had ascertained that the object of our mission was known to Prince Carol's adherents in Rumania and that he had been advised by code messages of what his royal mother had planned, and in consequence he would be on his guard against any charmers thrown in his way in order to distract his attention and faithfulness from his beautiful mistress, Magda Lupescu. In short, the "cat was out of the bag." Undoubtedly, there had been a traitor in Queen Marie's camp. One of her ladies, perhaps, had a smeaking regard for the exiled Crown Prince, and had revealed his mother's plan to break the spell of the red-haired charmer who held him in her thrall.

I was not disappointed at the anti-climax to this peculiar mission. Elizabeth Simonescu did not disguise her joy at her release from what would have been a hateful situation. I asked her whether she intended to return to Rumania at once. She replied mysteriously that she would like to remain on a week with me at the Hotel Crillon. I was most certainly not averse to this plan, although I am afraid that I misconstrued its real meaning. One morning she knocked on my bedroom door before I was up. She told me to dress quickly and come with her, I did so, wondering what the deuce was up. When I joined her in the vestibule of the hotel she had a taxi waiting and told me to get in.

"Le Bourget," she said to the driver and off we sped for the Paris airport.

"Why Le Bourget?" I asked. "Are we flying somewhere? I haven't even a toothbrush with me."

"No," replied my pretty companion, all smiles, "we are meeting someone!"

"Hmm," I murmured, and, lighting a cigarette, decided to let the mystery unravel itself. Eventually, we arrived at the airport, and walking into the landing field waited—for an arriving plane. It was late. It was a French machine and they are seldom punctual. Eventually a Spad airliner of the C. I. D. N. A. Air Line came roaring into view. It landed smoothly and taxied up to the waiting place. The cabin door opened and two passengers alighted. One was a tall young man who rushed toward Elizabeth Simonescu and, to my secret discomfiture, enwrapped her in a fond embrace.

You know the rest. This was the handsome captain of the Rumanian Royal Guards—the man she loved. Four days later they were married at the Rumanian Legation in Paris. I was best man. I saw them off back to Bucharest by another machine of the C. I. D. N. A. company. My beautiful companion of that adventure has two bonny children now. Her husband is a Military Attache at a Rumanian Legation. Prince Carol is King; Magda Lupescu lives in the beautiful Villa Madama at Bucharest, surrounded by spies and guarded by secret police.

Marie, Queen of Rumania, waits for the next turn of the wheel in her Castle at Balcic, in the Carpathians. She hates the "Red Lupescu"—but she met her match in the red-haired Jewess. But Marie of Rumania never knows defeat. The Lupescu has won the rounds up to now. I should not be surprised one day to hear that she is dead, or that she has fallen from her unofficial throne and that the woman Charlemagne of the Balkans has again regained the reins of power. Marie is full of pep and personality; but she is also a woman who never changes her mind. Magda Lupescu wants a crown; but while Queen Marie lives she will never occupy the throne beside her kingly lover.

I once danced with Magda Lupescu at the Coronet Club in Vienna. She has green eyes and well as red hair. Her face is full of personality—her figure is not so attractive. I am not sure that she wouldn't make a good dancer, however. Anyway she has the equivalent of $2,000,000 in the bank in jewels and bonds. She told me herself—so no matter what happens, she need not worry very much. In any case there will always be a film contract in Hollywood for her!

And now let me recount another adventure behind the scenes with royalty.

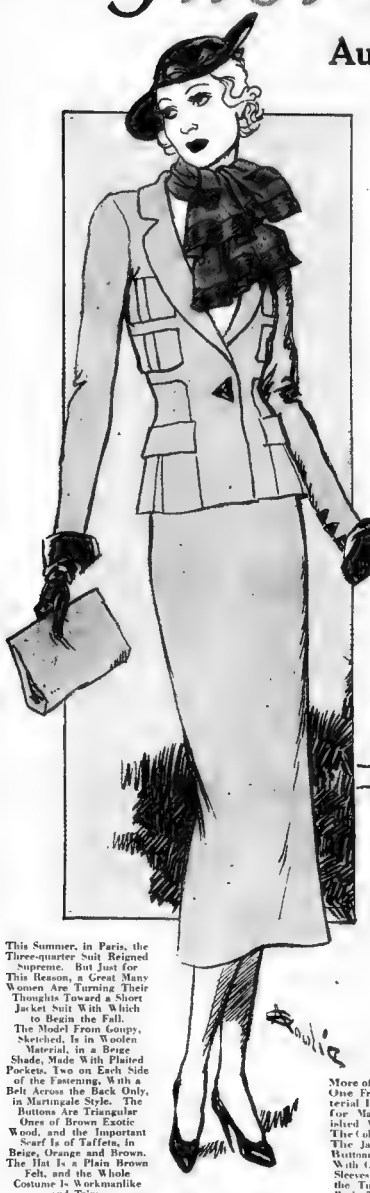
The sun of Spain streamed through the tall windows of the Royal Palace in Madrid; but in spite of the glories of nature without, within the Palace strange things were happening. In his study a King was seated at his desk, his hands clenched and a deep sorrow in his eyes. A closer observer would have seen that Alfonso XIII, born a king, was very near to tears. Senor

Slowly the door into the compartment opened and a figure, wearing a monocle, entered. Stealthily he edged into the room, then suddenly brought something from behind his back and brought it down on Netley Lucas' face. It was a towel reeking of the unmistakable fumes of chloroform

Continued on Page 16

First Fall Suits

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Famous French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris



This Summer, in Paris, the Three-quarter Suit Reigned Supreme. But Just for This Reason, a Great Many Women Are Turning Their Thoughts Toward a Short Jacket Suit With Which to Begin the Fall. The Model From Goupy, Sketched, Is in Woolen Material, in a Beige Shade, Made With Plaited Pockets. Two on Each Side of the Fastening, With a Belt Across the Back Only, in Martingale Style. The Buttons Are Triangular Ones of Brown Exotic Wood, and the Important Scarf Is of Taffeta, in Beige, Orange and Brown. The Hat Is a Plain Brown Felt, and the Whole Costume Is Workmanlike and Trim.

These Latest Paris Models Offer Suggestions for American Dressmakers and May Be Copied or Adapted by Them in American Materials.

More of an Afternoon Model Is the One From Mainbocher. The Material Is Brown Velours de Laine, for Mainbocher Prefers Soft-finished Woolens for Next Season. The Color Is a Deep Neutral Brown. The Jacket Is Rather Fitted, and Buttoned Straight Up the Front With Cloth Covered Buttons. The Sleeves Are Made of Silver Fox, and the Turn-over Collar Is Fastened With Two Silver Fox Tails Used Like a Tie. Mainbocher Is Almost the Only Designer in Paris to Make Use of Tails. He Has Another Suit in Black, With a Little Turn-over Collar of Fur, and Three Fox Tails in Front Like a Jabot. Instead of a Blouse and Skirt, This Jacket Is Worn Over a Simple Frock, Cut in a Point in Front, and Is Perfectly Plain in the Back. Notice the Way in Which the Head of the Fox Comes Down Over the Cuff on the Sleeve.

Lucile Paray Has Revived an Old Idea for One of Her First Fall Suits. This Is to Use White or Cream-Colored Cloth, and Trim It With Dark Fur. A Good-Looking Model Is the One Sketched. Creamy Tweed or Homespun Is Chosen for the Suit, With a Turn-over Collar Stitched in Rows, and Cuffs to Match. The Collar Is Tied With a Large Bow of Black Taffeta, Matching the Gaillac Which Trims the Fronts of the Jacket and Runs Around the Hem at the Back. The Skirt Is Very Plain, and the Blouse Worn With the Suit Is of Black Taffeta to Match the Tie. Black Accessories, Hat, Shoes, Gloves and Bag, Are Worn With the Suit. Brown Fur and Brown Accessories Would Look Equally Well.

PARIS, August 23.

THIS Summer the three-quarter jacket reigned supreme. It is included in the collections for Fall and Winter, but on account of its tremendous popularity during the past months, many women are turning their thoughts to a short-jacket suit with which to commence the Autumn season. There is something extremely neat, trim and ready-for-anything about a short-jacket suit which agrees well with the first crisp days.

The Paris collections contained, however, few of the strictly tailored types of suit. Perhaps the designers feel that women who matter are sure to have a classic tailleur already. Most of the new models offered for the first cool days are rather more "dres-maker" than tailored. An exception, however, is made in the case of the suit which is intended for travel and sports. Here we find many models of Norfolk inspiration, like the one from Goupy sketched on this page, which is made in a beige woolen material of homespun type, with four regulation pockets, each with an inverted plait in the centre, and a martingale belt across the back only. A novel feature is the buttons, made of brown exotic wood in the form of triangles, of which there is one in the front and three on each sleeve. This suit is worn with a big cravat of taffeta in sections of beige, orange and brown, and it looks very workmanlike.

For first town wear, the suits are apt to be touched with fur. The designers have been looking for original ways of using pelts. The suit from Heim is typical of many. It is in gray, and could not well be plainer. Its interest lies in the revers, set well below the collarless top of the jacket, and made of dark blue Persian lamb. Blue-dyed and blue-lustred furs are something of a novelty. We have had navy blue foxes for some time, and this Summer several houses offered us little jackets or capes of blue-dyed mole. Fourrures Max use blue-lustred Alaskan seal, the unplucked, natural gray kind. This suit is worn with a neat little white organdie blouse with a tiny standing collar and a tiny tie.

Lucile Paray has many suits, rather dressmaker in style, for early Fall. She puts fur touches on them, sometimes across the shoulders in the back, sometimes on bolero lines, sometimes only on the sleeves, or again, as in the sketch, at the lower part of the jacket. She has revived the suit of white or cream-colored woolen fabric, trimmed with dark fur, brown or black. Creamy homespun makes the suit sketched, and the fur is black gaillac. A big tie of black taffeta at the neck matches the black taffeta blouse.

The furriers who have large stocks of fox tails left on their hands because of the recent fashion of using the skins without heads or tails must be glad that Mainbocher has decided to make use of these decorative appendages. This suit is made of a soft-finished brown woolen on the order of velours de laine, for this designer prefers this type of cloth for next Winter. The jacket is fitted and buttoned up the front, and the sleeves, below the shoulder, are made of two silver fox skins, with the head of the animal on the cuff. The small turn-over collar, close to the throat, is fastened with two fox tails, tied as if they were ribbons. The skirt has all its fullness in front, falling in godets from the pointed hip-yoke. This designer shows another suit with three silver fox tails in front like a jabot.

Suit colors for Fall and early Winter are dark for town. There are many black ones, and a good many very dark brown, on the order of tete de negre. A few very dark blue ones are seen in the collection, but navy blue has been such a rage this Summer that it seems logical that there will be a reaction against it this Winter. There are some very dark grays and a few lighter ones, sometimes trimmed with dark furs, while on the dark suits the great majority are trimmed with matching furs. Persian lamb retains its popularity, with other fatter furs, gaillac, caracul and the more fragile broadtail. Maggy Rouff has one of the most original fur arrangements on some of her coats and suits. A ruffle of broadtail about three inches wide is run across the collarbone in front and high across the shoulders in the back and right down the outside seams of the sleeves.

Heim Has Chosen Unusually Set Revers for His Gray Suit. The Jacket Is Really Collarless, and Set Well Below the Neck Are Pointed Revers of Astrakan, or Persian Lamb, Which Has Been Dyed Dark Blue, Blue-dyed or Blue-lustred Furs Are a Novelty. Blue-dyed Foxes We Have Had for Some Time, but Blue Astrukan, Blue Seal and Blue Mole Are Newer. This Suit, Very Slim and Plain, Is Worn With a Neat Little White Organdie Blouse. With a Standing Band Collar and Long Organdie Tie. The Hat Is a "Sklouch" of Navy Blue Felt.

The softer, more afternoon types of suit are more often trimmed with fox, usually silver, but sometimes blue on brown suits. For travel, country and sports there is a revival of beaver or nutria on beige tones.

Suits with no fur at all are found in the collections. They are intended to be worn in cold weather, either with short fur capes, of which nearly every woman possesses an example, or with a fur piece. There is a promised revival of fischers. At a gala tea at Armenonville on a cool, rainy day, I saw several smart women wearing two fischer skins of beautiful quality with their suits. Fourrures Max has a lovely cravat-scarf made of five sable skins, hanging in a huge cascade down the front of the jacket, which is one of the smartest neckpieces in Paris.

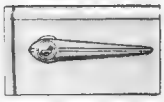
Travel suits on the order of the Goupy one are nearly always untrimmed with fur, while scarfs of contrasting fabric and color are proposed with them. To tie a scarf in a chic and individual fashion is an art which some fortunate women possess in perfection. If you cannot arrange your scarf in an interesting manner you will do better to have a fur or fabric collar, fastened high to the throat, which does not need a cravat, for nothing looks sloppier than a badly tied one.

There is a distinct new tendency seen in evening clothes among the smartest women in sharp contrast to the fluffy femininity of the past few years. Some of the leading couturiers are showing evening gowns made along strictly tailored lines. And since this forms a sharp contrast to what most women are wearing, the effect is most novel and chic.

At the Ambassadeurs the other evening, I noticed the Countess Raoul de Lubersac, who is dark and very dignified in carriage, in a navy blue lame crepe gown, the bodice of which was perfectly plain in cut and close fitting, with a row of fancy buttons down the front. The skirt was long, widening at the bottom, and also perfectly plain. The neck line was snugly rounded and the armholes were outlined, leaving the arms bare.

'Think naught a trifle, though it small' appear,
Small sands the mountain moments make the year,
And trifles life.'

WHAT YOU CAN LEARN THROUGH A KEYHOLE



Automatic keyholes keep your door locks from rusting or freezing
The door handles are streamlined for beauty and good grasp — 'dip-spun' type, protecting your car from thievery

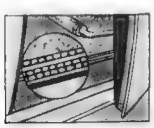
The same rich quality of fabrics covers both seats and sides Deeply padded arm rests are provided both front and rear
Fisher No Draft Ventilation assures snug-fitting ventipanes that manipulate with extra ease

IN BUILDING a motor car or anything else, it is easy to create impressive *general* effects.

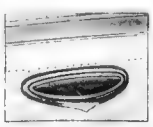
But to be sure of skilful and enduring craftsmanship always look to the details — to the telltale *little* things—to the buttonholes of a garment, for example —even to the keyholes of a car.

Apply this exacting standard of comparison to the Chevrolet pictured above, or to any General Motors car, and you'll soon see why Body by Fisher is the most sought after body in the world.

Everywhere you look, in Body by Fisher, you'll find thrilling new touches of progressive and conscientious craftsmanship—features so obviously meaning greater comfort, safety and style, that you'll understand why so many people are saying to other people: "Better pick the car with Body by Fisher."

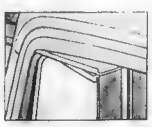


Fisher sill plates add a striking Fisher note. Five extra inches at the door bottoms, shut out floor drafts and beautify the lines

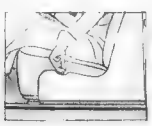


The ash receivers, while generous in size and easily accessible, are built into the trim to prevent snagging

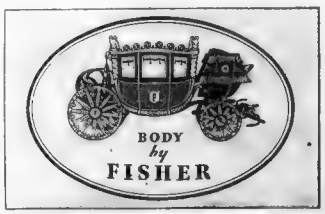
The knob handles of all regulators match or harmonize with the interior appointments of the car



Drip shields over the Ventipanes —the latest exclusive triumph of Fisher pioneering — keep out down drafts, rain and snow



The front seat is adjusted by a trigger type lever — easiest, swiftest and surest type to operate — with a touch rings



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The Mating of Dan Yeo

By Otwell Binns

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

DAN YEO — huge, red-haired, reckless soldier of fortune — narrowly escaped from a gun-running exploit in Java, arrives stowaway at Hollandia in the Malay Archipelago. At Sun Kee's gambling house Mahya, Sun Kee's beautiful wife, excitedly exclaims, "Danyo!" at sight of him.

Returning, an Englishman, Sun Kee and two other white men show Yeo a magnificent stuffed Bird of Paradise which was picked up with

Mahya in an open boat. The girl and the bird came from the Isle of the Sacred Birds, where these birds abound, and the men believe Dan knows its location. They demand he tell them so they can reap a rich harvest of the costly skins. He denies all knowledge and when they threaten torture he is rescued by Jack Cardon of the Frigate Bird.

CHAPTER V.

"My Lord Danyo."

SUDDENLY halting in the doorway, Dan Yeo turned and looked back at the men who had threatened his life.

"I was forgetting. There is your pistol, Ransome. I hate to rob a man, but I think I'll collect it as a souvenir. I reckon I've earned the right."

He nodded and passing the doorway jumped the veranda steps and joined his friend.

"All right, Cardon," he laughed. "Those jimmies won't follow. You've struck the heart out of them."

"A lot of mice, Dan—those whites, a cat could scare them cold. But I don't trust the Chinese. When they're good they're good, but when they're bad they're poison. Walk quietly, and keep your ears open. They are enfeebled, and a rush might take us unawares."

They moved quietly along the sandy street towards the beach, and had gone but a very little way, when a sound reached Cardon's quick ears. He stopped abruptly.

"Someone's coming!" he whispered. "Felt shoes by the sound. He's hurrying too, and not making any massive effort at concealment. Wonder what the game is?"

Listening, Dan Yeo also caught the sound of approaching feet, and was about to speak when his friend whispered again:

"Right about face! We'll wait! There's something queer about ——"

He broke off as the sound of rustling steps became more clear, and as the two stood staring in the direction from which the runner was coming, against the light which came from the veranda of Sun Kee's store, they saw a shadowy figure outline itself.

"Only one!" commented Dan Yeo. "And that doesn't mean trouble."

"But why—"

"Jupiter, Cardon! It is a woman."

"That is odd," the little man whispered back, as he stared along the crescent street. "What can she want with us?"

"Heaven knows!" answered Yeo, then a sudden suspicion shot into his mind. He broke off and stared intently through the darkness at the woman who was now running. She came nearer, saw them standing waiting for her, and then broke out most unexpectedly in a gasping sob.

"My lord Danyo—"

"Well I'm—" ejaculated the man whom she addressed.

"Who is it Dan?"

"Sun Kee's woman. The one he found in the prau with the wonder-bird. Bit of a wonder herself. Knows my name after a fashion, though heaven knows how she came by it; for I'll take my solemn oath that never in my life before this night have I set eyes on her."

"That is most true, my lord," said the woman in halting English and with an accent that fell strange on the ear. "But I have seen my lord's image that he left, and now mine eyes are blessed to behold his return. Take me to the ship of which this man hath spoken, and we will return to your people, and the temple amid the groves where fly the birds of Danyo; for coming with my lord my sin will be purged, and I shall be greatly forgiven."

Her oddly accented English was helped out at times by Chinese and Dyak words; and Yeo, as he listened stared at her in wonder, and by the light of the stars saw a convulsed, pleading expression on her white face. For a moment he stood as one dumb, then he looked at Cardon, and as he spoke tapped his head significantly.

"Bats in the belfry!"

"But that wonder-bird was real, and it was found with her in that drifting prau," said Cardon, quickly. "And what is that about the image you left Yeo?"

"Pure hallucination! I've done a few tall things in my time, but I never thought to set up a graven image of myself in a temple, with groves and dream birds and——"

"Those men back there in Sun Kee's store believe in the birds," broke in Cardon. "They at least must be real as that bird of Sun Kee's shows. There is more behind the woman's tale than appears."

"Lord Danyo," said the woman, sobbingly. "You will take me back . . . to the great forgiveness. I slew the sacred bird in my anger, and therefore was I set adrift to die, but never have I told the secret of the temple and the groves.—"

"Dan Yeo, we take the woman with us. She has the secret, and you have some odd pull—"

"It's asking for trouble, Cardon, to be messed up with a woman who is another man's wife. Sun Kee is—"

"I hate the man who made himself my husband!" interjected Mahya passionately. "If I stay I shall kill him as did the woman of old story kill the man who came to her whilst she slept in her tent."

"That settles it, Yeo," Cardon laughed, in his colorless fashion, the laugh as of an ineffective man which so often deceived those who heard it. "She goes with us. Her marriage was a marriage of capture, seemingly, and I don't approve of such primitive ways. Come along. We'll restore her to the bosom of her family, and so probe the secret of the graven image and the sacred groves."

"It's stark lunacy—" laughed Yeo.

"And the bird we saw was a revelation from heaven. Tell the woman that you will take her back to the forgiveness your coming will insure."

"But, Cardon, the thing's sheer unadulterated madness, we're to start out with a woman on a search for—"

"You and I have followed wilder game in our time," chuckled Cardon softly. "There was that affair of the stone idol with the ruby eyes over at Batanta, and that Isle of Pearls which belonged to a dead Japanese—"

"I know! But beside this proposition they were cold sanity, and—"

"S-s-s-h-h!" whispered Cardon warningly as he stared in the darkness. Then he laughed softly. "The die is cast," he said quickly. "Those fellows are coming this way, we've got to fight them—or quit. And for this time I am a quitter in the interest of the woman and those sacred birds. Come along, my son. There's no time to waste. If Sun Kee happens along and finds the woman here—" He broke off and addressed Mahya, "If Lord Danyo commands."

She turned to Yeo as she spoke, and he not knowing what else to do, stuttered, "Oh . . . well, if——"

The next moment all three were hurrying down the beach and within four minutes were afloat driving over the phosphorescent water in the direction of the ship, the coming of which had hurried Yeo's departure from the Dordrechter. They passed the latter on the way, and under the tent of light made by the radiance of the lantern saw Captain Sachsen still snoring in his chair. Yeo chuckled at the sight, and when Cardon inquired the reason gave the explanation.

"I owe him the passage money from Sourabaya to this place."

"Is that so?" Cardon was plainly astonished. "Sachsen's a money down man——"

"Doesn't know I owe it to him. I came among the cockroaches and the cargo."

"Stowaway?"

"You may call me that," laughed Yeo. "A man in his time plays many parts."

"But in heaven's name, why?" demanded the little man.

"In a hurry — and broke or as good as, being separated from fluid assets," explained Yeo cheerfully. "Case of gun-running for one of those rajah fellows in Dutch possessions. Hopeless business from the rajah's point of view, but profitable from mine. Dutch authorities tumbled to the business, and got a hot scent, so I had to clear in a hurry. Didn't take the chance. Seems to have been my lucky chance after all . . . You came in the nick of time, Cardon, to make it that."

"Just came in, and saw Sun Kee's light burning. Thought I might save time by a midnight call——"

"Saved my skin, I guess, though whether I shall have to say the same when Sun Kee gets hunting round for his wife, heaven knows. We're taking a big risk, Cardon. I've known a Chinese fellow a man for five years, track him half way across the zones, from 'Frisco to London; back to Singapore, and Hong Kong, and get him with a disemboweling knife in a Portuguese saloon at Macao."

"You've not got cold feet, Dan Yeo?"

Yeo laughed by way of answer and the little man laughed with him, then said, "I've a sort of hunch that this woman—what's her name?"

"Mahya?"

"That Mahya's going to bring us luck. That bird, now—did you ever see the like, Dan?"

"Never!"

"Nor I! 'Twas just a bit of heaven—in feathers. And I'm for its mates if Mahya can get us to the place."

"But it's a sacred bird, Cardon! Taboo and all that. You know what some of these island morons are. The man who breaks them—and gets caught had better have been strangled at birth!"

"I know." Cardon laughed, his soft foolish laugh which was so misleading. "But that's the spice of the game, and I do hate to sit in at a dull table."

"You won't be dull with that crowd back there on your track. They're hard shelled, and if they get wind of what we're after, they'll harry our flanks like wolves."

"We must keep the woman under hatches until we sail. I've a morsel of business to do in the morning, but we'll be out of this by noon."

"The sooner the better," answered Yeo, and then fell silent until they boarded the schooner. There down in the stuffy little cabin an odd thing happened. As Yeo turned to speak to the woman, she slipped to the floor and clasped his knees, her whole attitude one of apprehensive supplication.

"Lord Danyo—"

"Jupiter! What's this?" cried Yeo. "Here, get up. There's no call to be scared. Nobody here's going to hurt you."

Instead of obeying, the woman grovveled distraughtly, and a stream of unintelligible words came from her lips.

Cardon watched the scene curiously, then a flash of understanding came in his gray eyes.

"Stroke her head, Dan, then lift her up—sign of forgiveness and all that, you know. In her eyes you're some sort of a god—"

"Some sort of a— Don't guy, Cardon. I tell you the woman's cracked—"

"Do what I tell you, Dan. You'll see."

Shamefacedly, like a man compelled to perform some sentimental action in public, Yeo stroked the straw-colored hair of the bent head, soothingly, as one might stroke the head of a child, then he stooped, caught the woman under the arms and swung her to her feet, and looking into her troubled face he laughed cheerfully.

"There! All's well, Mahya!"

Exactly what the words conveyed to the woman's mind neither of the men could guess, but the change in her was marvelous. Her distraughtness slipped from her like a garment. Through her tears, her eyes, blue as Dan Yeo's own, smiled radiantly. The convulsed look gave place to one of ecstasy, and suddenly she caught the big man's hand and raised it to her lips.

"Great day!" whispered Yeo hoarsely, and his lean face flushed like a schoolgirl's, then as the woman dropped his hand, he made a plunge for the cabin door, and hurried to the deck, where twenty minutes later Cardon found him muttering cosmopolitan oaths to the night. The little man laughed as the sounds reached him, then he spoke soothingly:

"Save your breath, Dan. There's no need to swear. You've given that woman peace of mind, and you've sure tumbled on a tall mystery—"

"Mystery?"

"What else? You've never seen the woman before—woman —though if she's twenty I'm a Dutchman—and she's never seen you, but she's seen something or someone so like you that she can't see any difference, and that in the island where she and the wonder-bird come from. And she knows where that is—or whereabouts anyway. She kept the thing dark from Sun Kee owing to some scruple about those birds, and because she hated the man. I got the odds and ends of the queerest yarn from her . . . She was some sort of a vestal in the temple about which those birds are as thick as bees in a hive, and in a rage she killed one of them. There's an infernal old priest there, and a girl who governs, both white as milk—"

"Look here, Jack Cardon—"

(Continued on Page 17)

"Lord Danyo," Said the Woman, Sobbingly. "You will take me back . . . to the great forgiveness."

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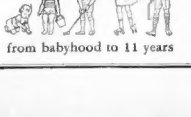

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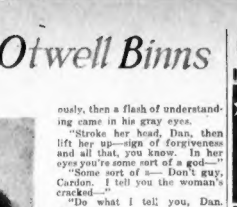

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She Walked Into His Parlor by Maysie Greig

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

IT IS a blow to Kent Wilburn to learn that his young son, Bob, has loaned Freda Miller, who admits to being eight years older than the boy, the money to establish a stenographic bureau on Park Avenue, and intends to marry her as soon as he comes into the rest of his money. Kent is especially distressed because Bob is already engaged to lovely Ann Quinn who lives on an adjoining Long Island estate.

Freda is not sure she wants to marry Bob, although his love for her takes away her loneliness and restores her faith in men somewhat.

Believing Bob's real happiness lies with Ann, Kent calls upon Freda. He is impressed by her beauty and intelligence but thinks she must be a gold-digger even though she refuses his overtures to buy her off.

Under the impression that Freda and his father like each other, Bob brings her out for the week-end. While he is breaking his engagement with Ann, Kent offers to marry Freda, explaining that he is willing to do anything to save Bob the disillusionment of finding she does not love him after they are married. He still believes her an adventuress but acknowledges she is the first woman really to attract him since his wife's death.

Freda, admitting she is drawn to him in spite of her hatred, considers his proposal an insult and leaves. When Kent admits asking Freda to marry him Bob strikes him and rushes out in a rage. Insisting he is through with his father forever, Bob begs Freda to marry him as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XX

(Continued).

Freda Accepts.

SMILING up at Bob, Freda exclaimed:

"You impatient thing. Of course I can't marry you tomorrow or the next day."

"Why not?"

"That's my business. I've got to repay you the money you lent me to start it."

"Repay me?" His voice was surprised and angry. "Of course you haven't got to repay me. It's ridiculous to talk like that."

"But it isn't ridiculous," she demurred. "I'm not going to marry you until I've paid you back every cent."

He stood, his arms folded, scowling down on her angrily. "Look here, what's the matter with you? It's absurd to talk of paying me back. Especially absurd since you're going to marry me."

She shook her head. A very determined little shake. A wandering ray of sunlight caught it, making it gleam a vivid, defiant red.

"But I borrowed the money from you before I ever dreamt of marrying you. Oh, Bob, I can't explain why I feel it, but I do feel I must pay it all back before I marry you. If I didn't, I'd think just as badly of myself as your father does!"

She didn't know why she had said that. She was furious with herself the next moment. It had just slipped out. Bob dropped down on to the sofa beside her and put an arm about her.

"So that's the trouble, is it? Dad must have said some pretty mean things to you, blame him. Well, he'll have to take them all back and apologize very sincerely before we have anything more to do with him, eh, sweetheart? And anyhow, it doesn't matter what he says or what he thinks, does it?"

"No," she said. She even imagined she was speaking the truth. Why should she care what a man thought whom she hated intensely?

All the same, she was adamant in her refusal to marry Bob immediately, and, in the end, he had to be content. It was something to have made her promise to marry him at all. But he was vaguely hurt by her seeming lack of enthusiasm. He couldn't understand why she wasn't just as eager to rush into matrimony as he was. Could it be the difference in their ages? Now had it been Ann.

He closed his mind down resolutely. And why should he imagine that Ann would have been any more eager to rush into marriage with him than Freda was? No reason at all, except that Ann had always shared his enthusiasms so readily. He'd merely to phone her and say, "See here, there's a tennis tournament this afternoon, what about it?" to have her reply, "Oh, Bob, that will be great. How soon do we start?"

But, of course, she was much younger. He wondered if you grew less impulsively enthusiastic as you grew older. If you did, he shouldn't a pity. He liked to do things suddenly and unexpectedly; if you didn't, you lost most of the excitement. But he must remember that Freda was tired, and she had been bitterly hurt by his own father.

"Well, don't keep me waiting too long, will you, darling?" he whispered, as he held her close to him. "It's going to be awful waiting at all."

He talked to her of plans, where they might live, where they would go for their honeymoon. "What about abroad, darling?" he said. "You've never been abroad, have you? Gee, it will be great showing you everything. You don't know how I'm looking forward to it. We'll bathe, and lie on the warm beaches in the sunshine; we'll visit the Riviera, and Italy, and of course we'll do Paris, too."

After he had gone, she sat, curled up, in a corner of the couch and wondered whether it was a good thing she had done in promising to marry him, or a very bad thing. She told herself there was no reason for her to feel guilty, but she did feel guilty. "If only I loved him more. If only I felt I had more to give him," she thought.

She began to wish she had not agreed definitely to marry him, but he had caught her at a moment when she was feeling lonely and depressed. It had been good to feel that someone wanted her. But whose fault had it been that she was feeling so miserable? Kent's fault, of course.

"If our marriage is a failure he's entirely to blame," she thought angrily. "I would never have dreamt of marrying Bob if Kent hadn't practically forced me into it."

Sitting there, brooding upon all that had happened, her resentment against Kent grew into something definite and angry. She became almost glad she had promised to marry Bob if only to get back at him. She wondered if he knew yet of their engagement, but, since Bob was not speaking to him probably he wouldn't know. Why shouldn't she phone him and tell him herself?

No sooner had the idea come than she determined to act upon it. She reached for the telephone book that was on the low glass table beside the couch and began to look for his number. She felt oddly breathless and shaken, and her hands trembled as she fumbled with the pages. Of course, he might be out, or he might already have returned to the country. A queer pang of disappointment clutched at her heart.

"But I'd only be disappointed because I wanted to tell him myself," she muttered, and added with a faintly twisted smile, "What a mean, vindictive nature I'm developing. It must be the result of associating with him these past days!"

Kent was still at his apartment. She recognized his voice immediately, though she fancied it sounded tired.

"It's me, Freda Miller," she announced in answer to his query.

"Is it? I say it's swell of you to phone me." he returned and added, with a mocking note that sounded slightly forced, "Am I so honored? Did you remember that you'd forgotten to thank me for the week-end, or what?"

"No, I didn't," she snapped. "I have some news for you, that's all."

Why, when she was determined not to lose her temper, did he invariably succeed in making her hit it?

"Have you? That's fine. Do you want to break it to me at once or whet my appetite a little longer? They say anticipation is sweeter than realization, all the same . . ."

"I'm going to be married," she announced, breaking in on him coldly.

There was a slight, almost imperceptible pause, then he went on genially:

"Now, are you? That's interesting. My congratulations and all that. Or are congratulations in order? You never can tell these days. They say marriages are made in heaven, but my experience is that most of them are made on solid earth. Too darned solid most of the time! Now I guess you rang me up to talk about a wedding present? I'm rather good at wedding presents. A solid silver table-service is very nice, but rather expensive don't you think, considering that our acquaintance was of such a short duration? Perhaps you don't agree with me, but in these days of depressed shares one has to consider oneself a little. What about a butter dish? A good old stand-by for a wedding present, a butter dish. You'll probably get a lot of them, but you can always give them away again as wedding presents to other people, providing, of course, you remember who gave them to you. It can be most embarrassing if you don't. I remember some years ago I . . ."

"It may interest you to know that I'm marrying your son," Freda cut in on him tartly. Perhaps that would stop his insufferable banter which, she told herself, was in the worst possible taste.

There was another pause, slightly longer than the last.

"Are you? Then I guess it will have to be the solid silver table service, won't it?" Kent sighed. "Expensive, as I said before, but blame it all when it's your own son one must make a gesture!"

"Oh!" Freda slammed down the phone with a little furious gasp. He really was insufferable! It seemed impossible ever to get the better of him.

CHAPTER XXI.

Morning After.

OH, it is easy to be heroic at night. But it is more difficult to be heroic in the morning.

Ann had played a brave game last night, she had even kept up her preposterous flirtation with Dick Wiley to the very end of the dance, but this morning when she heard him calling outside her window asking her to get up and play tennis with him, she didn't answer, but hid her head under the bed-clothes with a little moan.

"I don't want to wake up," she thought fiercely. "I want to sleep for ever and ever. Why must I face another day? What are the use of any days to me now that I've lost Bob?"

"Do get up, please, Ann," Dick called. "We'll just have time for a set before breakfast."

"I guess it doesn't interest you to know we didn't get to bed until four," Ann called back, her voice slightly sharp. And Ann's voice was never sharp as a rule.

"Good heaven, didn't we? I feel as fit as a fiddle. But it was you who suggested this set of tennis yesterday evening, don't you remember?"

Yes, she remembered now. She had suggested it in Bob's hearing. A forlorn attempt to stir him to jealousy. But her ruse hadn't succeeded. He had told her he no longer loved her, so that was that. She supposed in time she would get over it. Girls did get over love affairs that went wrong.

But it was a little cruel of the day to be so gloriously beautiful, she thought as she peered at it, one eye showing above the bedclothes. A day should fit in with your mood. If you felt forlorn it helped, somehow, to see a depressing drizzle outside the window. There was something heartless about the weather being fine and lovely if you felt at the end of everything.

But, a few minutes later, Ann resolutely pushed back the bedclothes and got out of bed. She wasn't one to mope if she could possibly help it.

"All right," she called, "I'll be down in a jiffy."

"I mustn't think about what happened last night. I must put Bob out of my mind entirely," she thought as she dressed. "I guess I won't ever see him again, and that will help."

But at the very thought that she mightn't, her heart dropped inside her, like a stone sinking into a very deep pond. A world without Bob. It seemed impossible.

They had been inseparable ever since they were kids. She had never had a scheme, and Ann had been full of mischievous schemes, that didn't include him. She had never had a hope for the future that didn't include him.

But now she would have to reconstruct the whole plane of her life. Well, she thought with a little sigh as she slipped into a cool linen tennis dress, since it had to be done, it must be done.

Dick sprang forward eagerly to meet her as she came down the front steps of the house. He was a pleasant-looking creature in his tennis flannels. His dark brown head glinted in the early morning sunlight.

"How's the girl this morning?" he asked. "And isn't it a grand day? Aren't you thrilled to be alive?"

She smiled faintly. "The day is certainly lovely," she said, and added fairly shortly, "Let's start our set of tennis."

He looked a little hurt by her lack of enthusiasm; he was to look still more hurt as the day progressed. Ann did her best to play up to him, but when you feel that the bottom has dropped out of everything, it's hard to play up to anyone, especially to any one in whom you have as little interest as Ann had in Dick Wiley.

But it wasn't until nearly teatime that he voiced his grievance. He had put off broaching the subject in the hope that the adorably attractive and apparently devoted-to-him Ann of last night would miraculously reappear. In his mind he made all manner of excuses for her.

She was tired out after the party; she was one of those girls who find it hard to be enthusiastic about anything in the morning; or she might even have been a little embarrassed in his presence because of her frank devotion to him last night. But in the end he had to say something. After all, you can't be pitchforked from dizzy heights of bliss to a well of despair without a slight protest.

They were lying out on striped deck-chairs on the wide shaded lawn. Jack had gone off for a ride, Dick had refused to accompany him because he wanted to be with Ann. He had suggested another set of tennis, a game of golf, a country ramble with the dogs, all to no avail. She seemed to want just to sit, say nothing, and do nothing which, considering what a live wire she had been last night, seemed a little extraordinary.

"Look here," he said suddenly, digging one heel deep into the turf, "you're not fed up with me about anything, are you?"

She appeared to come out of a deep abstraction. She looked at him for a moment as though it were surprising to find that he, or in fact anyone, was there. Then she blinked up at him and said: "No, why should I be fed up with you?"

That was difficult to answer, especially in the face of her seeming casualness.

"Well," he hesitated, "you're not very friendly. At least," a deep flush spread over his face, "you're not half as friendly as you were last night. I was wondering if I'd done anything to annoy you?"

Ann felt both contrite and embarrassed. When she looked back it did seem incredible, and not a little unfair to Dick. It was extraordinary, she thought, what lengths you will go to to win back the love of the one man who counts.

"No, you haven't done anything to offend me," she said quickly. "You've been awfully sweet."

"Well—" Another pause. Dick's heel was embedding itself deeper and deeper into the turf, and he was gazing down at it apparently quite unconscious of the damage he was doing to the lawn. "Last night you seemed to like me. At least you told me . . . you remember what you told me," he stopped in obvious confusion.

Ann did remember, unfortunately, her sense of guilt and discomfort increased. "Yes," she said, and the flush mounted to her forehead. "I'm sorry."

"Then you don't . . ." his voice trailed away. He was very red in the face, and hot under the collar. "You don't . . ." he began again.

"No I don't," she interrupted, and added again, "I'm sorry."

There was a pause. The maid came out and began to lay the tea table. It was some little distance removed from them under a large shady tree. They both watched her with apparent absorption until she disappeared inside again.

"Then it was just a joke," Dick said. His voice sounded flat.

She shook her head slowly and gazed down at her small tanned hands that were clenched in her lap. "No, it wasn't a joke," she gave a short laugh. "Not a joke at all. Or maybe," she added breathlessly, her voice rising, "it was a joke. It was all a joke. Everything that happened last night was a joke. Only . . . I wish I could laugh at it. I wish to heaven I could laugh at it," she ended in a small hysterical gasp.

Dick looked at her in amazement. With the sunlight shining full on her face she looked, he thought, rather ghastly. There were dark shadows under her eyes; too dark to have been caused merely by a late night. What was the matter? Something rather drastic, he felt, to make a normal, healthy, laughter-loving girl like Ann look this way. His first feeling of grievance was swamped in a very real sense of concern.

"Something's the matter, isn't it?" he jerked out. "It must be something pretty mean to make you behave like this."

She made an effort to get herself under control again, and succeeded partially. "You're a regular Sherlock Holmes, aren't you?" she smiled faintly. "Or perhaps you're taking a course in feminine psychology at college? I don't know whether they do have courses in that, but they should. Considering a man usually has to live more than half his life with a woman it might be as well if he knew something about the way her mind works. Women's minds work very differently from men's minds I assure you, and . . ."

"Are you trying to kid me again?" he demanded bluntly. "Go ahead if it helps you. I really don't mind." Though by his tone of voice it was apparent he minded very much.

She stretched out a hand impulsively and touched his arm.

"I won't try to make you understand, Dick. I guess I couldn't, anyhow. But I am ashamed of myself, if that's any consolation to you."

His head jerked up. He stared at her a moment. "Is some other fellow mixed up in it?" he demanded.

She nodded without speaking. She couldn't have spoken. Her throat felt tight, her eyes stung.

"You wanted to make some other fellow jealous, so you used me, was that it?" he insisted.

She felt worse than ever. Put that way it did seem a despicable thing to have done. "Something like that," she whispered.

"And was he jealous?" Dick questioned sharply.

She laughed unhappily. "Not at all jealous! In fact, he took the opportunity to tell me he was in love with someone else."

"Did he?" Dick growled.

There was a pause, then Ann said quietly. "I guess my pride should have prevented me from telling you this, but, somehow, when you're very hurt you don't seem to have much pride left." She smiled faintly, and shaded her eyes from the strong sunlight with one small hand that trembled.

Dick got up. "Look here, Ann," he said jerkily. "I'm not going to ask any more questions. It's no concern of mine, anyhow. But there's just one thing I want you to remember, you can count upon me. I may be a bit thick-headed where women are concerned, and I suppose I was a dumb-bell to let you take me in as you did last night, but I don't hold it against you. Can't we go on being friends? I've never had a girl friend, and it seems to me a girl friend like you would be a pretty nice thing to have. We'll cut out the love stiff; that was all a joke, anyhow. What do you say?"

Ann continued to shade her eyes from the sun. She didn't look at him. "All I have to say is I think I'd be lucky to have you for a friend," she said at last, and she laughed, as you do laugh sometimes when you might just as easily cry.

He strode off through the sun-

(Continued on Page 16)

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Behind the Scenes With Royalty—*By Netley Lucas*

(Continued from Double Page)

Emilio de Torres, his private secretary, stood at his elbow; the members of the King's Privy Council waited in the antechamber without, for a decision which would be the greatest in Spanish history since the defeat of the Spanish Armada. In the street in front of the Palace a howling mob called for the blood of the Spanish Royal Family—for the head or abdication of their King!

In a room in the East Wing of the Palace stood with the Queen's ladies and talked quietly with the Marquis de Bendana—Queen Ena's personal Chamberlain. The Marquis and I had become firm friends during the months I had been a visitor at the Spanish Court while writing the official biography of the Spanish Queen. Now, as a special correspondent of the English press—the only newspaperman within the Palace itself—I was waiting, too, for the decision of King Alfonso on the vital question of his abdication. In the privacy of her boudoir Queen Ena waited also for the word that would mean that she might have to flee her adopted country with the man she loved and who was her husband and King.

A strange silence pervaded the Palace. But for the subdued murmur of the impatient mob in the streets outside, no one would have thought that this 15th day of April, 1931, was one of the most momentous days in the whole history of Spain. "Rags," Queen Ena's Sealyham terrier, sat near the window and scratched for fleas quite unconcerned with the drama which was going on around him. A bluebottle-fly caught his attention and he went scampering after it. One of the Queen's court ladies—the beautiful Duchess of Villadoja, silenced him for his unseemly conduct at such an hour.

Suddenly Senor Torres, the King's Secretary, entered the room and beckoned to the Marquis de Bendana. A moment later the click of presenting arms announced the advent of King Alfonso. We bowed—the ladies of the court sank to the ground in curtsies as His Majesty entered the room with listless step, his face drawn and pale with an indescribable agony. As he passed into the Queen's boudoir we knew the worst — that Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, Knight of the Golden Fleece, King of Castile, had surrendered his throne in order to prevent a bloody revolution among his subjects; and the possible massacre of his own household.

The King remained with his Queen for an hour while we waited outside. What took place between husband and wife—King and Queen—the world will never know. Eventually they appeared and, hand in hand and with a quiet composure, announced that the monarchy was no more; that the Royal Court existed only in name and that they would be leaving for France in a few hours.

Never shall I forget that moment; or the stoical courage of this brave pair. King Alfonso bowed with courtly mien to his Queen and departed to his Cabinet, to continue the many formalities necessary to the suspension of his royal prerogative and the handing over of the reins of Government to the revolutionaries. One remark I heard the King make which will be historic: "Had Primo de Rivera lived this would never have happened." He said that from the bottom of his heart.

With the decision for the suspension of the royal dynasty all became bustle within the Royal Palace. I rushed to a telephone and put a call through to London announcing to the British press agency that I represented that royal Spain was no more—that yet another monarchy had fallen, and another member added to the sad little band of ex-Kings. As the startling news was flashed around the world preparations were made for the Queen's immediate departure for France. She was to precede the King who was to join her at the earliest possible moment in Paris. I, too, packed my bags, and decided to accompany Queen Ena into exile. The court ladies rushed about, keeping the tears back with difficulty as they packed the few belongings which their Queen was to take with her.

I met the Marquis de Bendana ascending the stairs from the strong-room beneath the Palace with the Queen's jewel cases in his hand. The Crown Jewels were the property of the country and were naturally left in the care of the State. An official from the Royal Treasury hurried by with a large pile of money in his hands; but I learned that it was a mere 100,000 pesetas for the Queen's immediate expenses. Telephone calls were put through to Paris to book hotel accommodations for the exiled King and Queen. Meanwhile King Alfonso sat at his desk, his face bowed in his hands, wearing the undress uniform of the Royal Guard—the black cross and ivory medallion of the Illustrious Order of the Golden Fleece flashing on his dark blue tunic. His decision was to flee into exile with that same order as the only mark of his royal rank remaining to him. His personal jewels and the rest of his decorations were looted by the revolutionaries.

The holder of the Golden Fleece is never without its insignia; the black cross of the Order is placed under the pillow at night; in civilian dress it is worn on a chain round the neck. It has a legend attached to it that he who shall discard it shall lose his life. It did not prevent Alfonso from losing his throne—but it may have saved him from death at the hands of the mob who sought his head.

The Provisional Revolutionary Government had given their word that the King and Queen should have safe-conduct from the country; that special trains should be placed at their disposal and that they should be permitted to take away all their personal belongings. But that letter of this promise was not observed. The safe-conduct was forthcoming, but neither King nor Queen was allowed to take a quarter of their many personal possessions into exile with them. The Queen was only able to take the smallest of luggage with her; King Alfonso traveled with three suitcases. And but for a stroke of chance a dastardly assassination might have taken place.

The story of the attempt on the life of the King after his abdication has never been told before. Unlike most royal palaces, the famous one in Madrid has never been very strictly guarded. I have seen old women and goats littering up the inner courtyard even as the King has emerged to enter his car. Now a certain section of the revolutionary party—extremists—were far from satisfied with the bloodless nature of the revolution, in spite of its success. The King's life was forfeit, they said, and when the King's proclamation of abdication was broadcast the "Red Council of Seven," as the controlling members of this extremist terrorist organization melodramatically called themselves, held a hasty meeting, and decided that as the Provisional Government did not intend to harm the Royal Family it was up to them to assassinate Alfonso XIII.

Ways and means were discussed. Some suggested that the King's train should be bombed on its way to the frontier—another that he should be shot, but a third insisted that it would be better to adopt a more subtle method and, doubtless an admirer—because he was a woman—of the Borgias, suggested that the best way to encompass their end was to poison the whole Royal Family. Now it so happened that one of the "Red Council" had a relative who was an underchef in the Royal Household; this man was very sympathetic towards the revolutionary cause as he had recently been threatened with dismissal by Queen Ena for misconducting himself with one of the royal maidservants. An emissary was sent to this man and he agreed to act as the agent for the poisoning of the abdicated King and his family.

A farewell dinner was being held at the Palace at which only the King and Queen and the intimate members of the Royal Family would be present. A vial of poison was handed one of the cooks and a reward of 20,000 pesetas promised to him if he was successful in poisoning the King. That evening, at an early hour, the last dinner at which King Alfonso and Queen Ena would eat together in the Royal Palace was served with much sadness and heartbreak on the part of the royal servants. Peasants from the Royal Estate at Santander were the piece de resistance of the meal, but naturally enough the King and Queen did not feel like eating at all.

Not so the Sealyham terrier "Rags" who sat at the Queen's feet. King Alfonso, catching sight of him, called him, and fondling his head took a piece of the pheasant from the dish he was about to help himself from, and gave it to the dog. Then he helped himself.

A short time later "Rags" began to behave in a strange manner. With a series of agonizing yelps he rolled on his back a few minutes later died in convulsions. The Queen sank to her knees beside the dead body of her beloved pet—tears streaming down her cheeks. King Alfonso sent an equerry to fetch Dr. Da Silva, the Court Physician, and when that official arrived he ordered that the cause of death should be ascertained at once and the pheasants analyzed. The court doctor gave one glance at the dead terrier:

"Poison, Your Majesty," he said, "no doubt about it. What had the poor little fellow eaten?"

"I gave him a piece of pheasant," said the King.

The face of the royal doctor blanched. The rest of the court officials realized, too, the narrow escape that the King and Queen had had.

"It is not enough that I have surrendered my throne," cried King Alfonso, "that they must seek to take our lives!"

An urgent message was sent to the leaders of the Provisional Government, and a reply came back that a strict inquiry would be made and that the perpetrators of the deed would be most rigorously punished. But that promise was never carried out. One of the "Red Council" was appointed, a few days later, to one of the Ambassadorships; and the traitorous cook was handed his 20,000 pesetas—and a free passage to Brazil where he is today as far as I know!

I shall never forget that journey into exile of Queen Ena—or her parting with King Alfonso, as she left him to face the situation alone until he could join her in Paris. Just as she was about to enter the royal limousine with drawn blinds which was waiting to take her to the train she turned back, and taking a gold crucifix which hung around her neck on a gold chain, placed it over the head of King Alfonso, then kissing him on the lips, buried her face in her handkerchief and amid weeping court ladies—and officials—got into her car, slammed the door, and drove off.

I followed with the Marquis de Bendana and Queen Ena's Scotch maid in the car behind; and through the streets seething with cheering and drunken crowds drove towards the station. As the Queen's car approached, however, the crowds grew silent—men doffed their hats and women sank to their knees and crossed themselves. The last passing of their Queen was the most astonishing tributes of the love and esteem in which she was held throughout the country. I saw one man "boo" at the car; a moment later a policeman's truncheon descended on his head and he fell senseless to the ground.

It was like a funeral train, the passage of the Royal Express from Madrid to the frontier. Crowds lined the track, and weeping women, and, strangely enough, cheering men, thronged the railway stations as the last Queen of Spain passed into exile. All the blinds of the train were drawn; soldiers stood on the platforms of each coach and a pilot engine—manned by specially picked officers of the Royal Guard traveled ahead of the royal train of exile.

It was in the early hours of the morning that we reached the frontier. Here it was necessary for the Queen to change trains, for there are no through expresses from Spain to France. A difference in the gauge of the track makes it necessary to change into a French train at Irun. For several hours the royal train remained in a siding. "The Queen sleeps," the message flashed along the train, and, in order that she might in some measure recover from the exhaustion of her ordeal, her journey, by common consent, was held up. Her Scotch maid sat in a chair outside the royal sleeping compartment waiting for the sound of the buzzer which would call her to her royal mistress' side should she awaken. Outside I and half a dozen other members of the party walked up and down in the beautiful Spanish dawn wondering when we, too, would tread the soil of Spain again. In the distance a posse of the revolutionary troops waited on guard; sitting on their horses in motionless silence out of respect for the passing of the woman who had, until so recently, been their Queen.

Suddenly a light flicked on in the royal sleeping compartment. "The Queen is awake," the whisper was passed on from mouth to mouth. In the station at Irun crowds of journalists and press photographers waited. The stationmaster had procured from somewhere a piece of red carpet and this he was laying from the royal saloon across the platform where a special coach of the French State Railways was waiting to take the Queen still further into exile—to Paris, where half France was waiting with sympathy for her arrival.

Presently the silent train bustled into activity. The Queen was awake. Porters came and transferred her luggage—and mine. One of the attendants on the royal train passed me bearing a tray with hot coffee and steaming rolls for the Queen. The Scotch maid poked her head every now and then from the royal saloon with cold those wishing to see the Queen that such a sacrilege was impossible. Then the great moment came. Her Majesty appeared—a tall, stately figure, but slightly bowed with grief. The Marquis de Bendana hurried to her side and offered her his arm. She took it with a wan smile.

"The King". You have heard from him?" she asked anxiously.

"The King is well—and sends his love to Your Majesty," replied the Marquis. An almost happy smile coupled with a look of relief crossed the Queen's face. She drew her veil as the press cameras were raised and with firm tread walked across the platform to the train that was to take her to Paris. I noticed that she hesitated just a brief moment as she stepped into the saloon—as if loath to take her foot, for the last time, from Spanish soil.

With the other officials I boarded the train, too—there was a few minutes delay; the shriek of a whistle—the train shook, then gathered way, and between lines of men holding their hats in their hands and with women kneeling in prayer—Victoria Eugenia, ex-Queen of Spain, passed on her way—from her beloved and adopted country—into exile. I lit another cigarette and watched the frontiers of Spain disappear down the track from the last car. In her drawing-room a Queen lay prostrated with grief on a couch—the end of a dynasty!

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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Modess Vacation Special

She Walked Into His Parlor—by Mayne Grey

(Continued from Page 15)

light, muttering some excuse about going to look for Jack.

Ann watched him go and wondered why it was usually the men you treated the worst who were the most decent to you in the end. Life was a queer thing, and the queerest things in it were the mix-ups that happened between men and women. Men you did not care for turned up trumps, and men you would have given your very soul for let you down.

Betty, the maid, came out to ask if she should serve tea. Ann sprang to her feet. "Yes, but I won't be in for it," though she had no notion where she was going. But just then she felt she couldn't sit there, drink tea and indulge in all the casual pleasantries you did indulge in 'round a tea table.

It was inevitable that today they should discuss the happenings of last night, and these were the last things Ann wanted to discuss. She started to walk rapidly through the small wood, crunching the damp out of the ground as she strode along. The ground was always damp in the wood; very little sunlight penetrated through the thick foliage.

Soon she realized that her feet were leading her in the direction of Lawnswood. "Oh, well," she thought, "It will be nice to see Kent anyhow."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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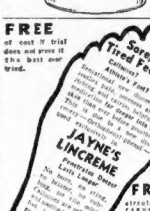

AND *she can't expect to be anything but lonesome* so long as she allows the ugly odor of underarm perspiration to make her nearness unpleasant.

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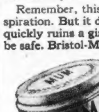

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Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to stranded, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

The Mating of Dan Yeo

By Otwell Binns

(Continued from Page 14)

"Shut up! Let me finish. The killing of that bird was a crime. They punished her by tying the bird about her neck and setting her adrift without grub or water in a little prau, and when she was knocked out by the heat and sun, Kee found her, and took her into his harem... But she kept the secret as I said, and it's yours for the asking—and so far as I can make out the whole dog-gone temple and island is yours too, waiting for your advent—"

"Don't josh, Cardon."

"Never was more serious in my life, Dan. And you have yet to play up. What queer thing is ahead—heaven knows, but I'm for these birds. If I'd heard the yarn in a saloon I'd have believed it about as much as I believe most tales that one hears. But the Archipelago is a queer place, with queerer things in it than most folk would credit—fly-ing threads that take you straight back to Magellan and Drake and that old Dutchman Cornelis Szoon Schouten. I've run against them in my time.

"I know an island no bigger than a Kentucky farm where the lingo is Portuguese gone bad, and where the folks are like white Dynks, though I'll swear never a Portuguese had landed there since Albuquerque. And there's something of that sort behind Mahya's yarn. It's tall I know, but the tallness in these seas doesn't daunt it. The government of the place goes down in the female line, there's some secret about the temple which only the governing woman knows. Seems this Lord Danyo whom Mahya takes you for, sailed away—heaven knows when and left a girl—daughter probably, to boss the show till he came back, and—Great Harry!—Dan?"

An amazed light shone in the little man's eyes, his face was that of a man to whom had come a sudden revelation, and under the light of the lamp he fairly shook with excitement.

"What's biting you?"

"Dan, don't you see it? What blind bats we are. The woman talks of Danyo—and those fellows at Sun Kee's took it for your name, as it is, for what's Danyo but Dan Yeo telescoped?"

In his excitement Cardon shook the big man's arm in a very fever of conviction and of effort to convince.

"You come of a sailor stock—a race of rovers, Dan. I've heard you brag of it many a time. And off the island where those birds fly there's the ship in which the Lord Danyo came, all coralled up—but plain to be seen through fathoms of clear water. That's the girl's yarn, and it's the duty of two men to keep it clear of weed. Can't you see, man? Sometime, heaven knows when, some Devonshire sailor piled up his old caravel on a reef, and made shore at that place—"

"Cardon, what an imagination you've got."

"Imagination—rot! It's deductive reasoning, and the conclusion is as plain as the nose on your face. There may be big profits or not, but there'll be the fun of the thing, and that's worth more. Dan! Dan! You've just got to go, or I'll have you slung over side to the sharks."

Dan Yeo laughed a great rolling laugh.

"Well, little man, since you say so, I must. This is your ship, and I've no choice, so we'll chase this dime mystery as a kitten chases its tail. But for heaven's sake don't let that woman come sopping and mewing over me—or I'll quit at the first port."

He laughed again as he finished speaking, and Cardon well content laughed back.

"You're big, Dan—of Olympian mold, and I'm a whipper-snapper, but I shouldn't wonder if I made a god of you yet."

"Try that game, little man, and I'll—"

The threat dissolved in laughter, but when Cardon moved away, Dan Yeo's face became suddenly quite serious, and as he remembered something which his friend did not know, his eyes, staring towards the shadowy hills beyond the phosphoresced beach, grew very thoughtful, and presently he whispered into the tropic night:

"If it should be that!"

And when his friend appeared with bandages for the half-forgotten knife wound in his shoulder he was still so absorbed that he never heard the little man approach and jumped as if a pistol had been fired behind him when the other spoke.

* * *

It was broad morning, with the sun shimmering on a cobalt sea, and on the high ranges lifted above the beach, where the foam broke dead white by contrast. From the deck of the Frigate Bird, Dan Yeo surveyed the scene. His eyes went first to the razor-backed mountains, green in the foreground but shaded to blue and purple in the distance. Down the cleft-like gorges verdured slopes were threads of silver, that might have been fairy roads but were indeed cataracts rushing and crashing their ways to the sea, at the top of which the parrots screamed and orchids flamed in the sun.

Then his gaze traveled downward to the beach, to the palms with their great fronds swishing and tossing in the wind, and to the broad street which in the strong sunlight was a riot of color—color that flashed and shimmered in the trade wind with kaleidoscopic effect. Lifting the binoculars in his hands he turned them towards the street with its colored bannerets rioting as for festival. As he did so they resolved themselves into lines of birds of paradise plumes floating upon lines to dry in the sun.

Almost every store along the front had them, and the effect was a dazzle of color beyond anything that he had ever seen, living color, rainbows that danced and shimmered in the breeze putting all the other hues of the landscape, broadly splashed though they were, into the shade.

He gazed at the dancing plumes for a moment or two then the glasses lifted to the hills behind, and as he adjusted them, he visioned the far valleys and deep woods from which all this looted beauty came, where the King bird dropped in red flame from blue skies to green deeps, and the six-shafted Parotia, black and gold, and emerald, displayed its wire-like head feathers with oval terminals of red. From them his thoughts passed to the wonderful bird which Sun' Kee had exhibited on the previous night, and by mental association to Sun Kee himself.

The binoculars searched the broad street until they found the bamboo-built store which he decided was that of the man to whom his thoughts had ranged. In a little while he knew that he had guessed rightly, for three figures came into sight on the verandia. The glasses enabled him to identify them, and he recognized Ransome, the big Dutchman, and Sun Kee. They were apparently in excited conversation, the Chinese gesticulating violently, and once lifting a hand and pointing seaward; but whether at the Dordrechter, the schooner, or something beyond in the broad blue of the ocean he could only conjecture.

He watched them with interest, guessing the subject which had stirred Sun Kee out of his customary Oriental impassivity. The man must long ago have discovered that the girl was missing, and no doubt must have a shrewd idea whither she had fled.

"There'll be a dust-up before long," he muttered. "Wonder how long Jack Cardon will be?"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit. Cereal. Scrambled Eggs. Graham Muffins. Coffee.	Fruit. Cereal. Poached Eggs. Broiled Tomatoes. Bacon. Toast. Coffee.	Fruit. Cereal. Fricaded Dried Beef. Corn Gems. Coffee.	Fruit. Cereal. Soft Cooked Eggs. Toast. Coffee.	Fruit. Cereal. Fish Roe Cakes. Broiled Bacon. Muffins. Coffee.	Fruit. Cereal. Plain Omelet. Toast. Coffee.	Fruit. Cereal. Griddle Cakes. Marmalade. Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon (Company)*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner (Quick)*
Vegetable Chowder. Toasted Graham Muffins. Stuffed Prunes. Oatmeal Cookies. Tea or Cocoa or Fruit Punch.	Macaroon and Cheese. Waldorf Salad. French Rolls. Hot or Iced Punch.	Fish or Clam Chowder (Cape Cod Style). Crackers. Chiffonade Vegetable Salad. French Dressing. Pineapple Whip.	Cheese Fondue. Spinach and Noodle Ring. French Rolls. Fruit. Hot or Iced Tea or Punch.	Fish Croquettes or Fried Crabs. Sauce Tartare. Tomato and Cucumber Salad. French Dressing. Ice Box Rolls. Pineapple Sherbet.	Baked Bean Casserole. Boston Brown Bread. Mustard Pickles. Frozen Pears. Honey Cookies.	Savory Cocktail. Broiled Lamb Chops. Buttered Peas and Carrots. Asparagus with Vinaigrette Dressing. Banana Cream Cake.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper (Picnic)*	*Supper*	*Supper*
Cottage Pie (Left-Overs). Boiled Onions with Pimiento. Green Bouquet Salad. French Dressing. Orange Shortcakes.	Brown Gravy. Franconia Potatoes. Steamed Green Vegetable. Grated Cucumber and Diced Beet Salad. French Dressing. New England Squash Pudding.	Meat Loaf. Diced Potatoes. Savory Gravy. Steamed Beans with Lemon Juice and Butter. Raw Spinach. Chicory and Lettuce Salad. French Dressing. Prune Tapioca Sponge.	Liver Baked with Tomatoes. Surprise Mashed Potatoes. Steamed Asparagus. Spiced Grapes. Heart Lettuce with Crumbled Cheese Dressing. Gingerbread Waffles.	Broiled Frankfurters. Potato Salad or Roasted Potatoes. Celery. Olives. Cup Cakes. Cheese Pie or Doughnuts. Toasted Marshmallows.	Spaghetti with Tomatoes. Bran Muffins. Chives and Lettuce Salad. California Dressing. Orange Snow.	

American Weekly Patterns

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Choice and Care of Kitchen Cutlery

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

HERE is a household conundrum: "What is the most used tool in the kitchen?" The answer is not the can-opener, nor a skillet, nor a saucepan —but a KNIFE!

In some recent interesting experiments it was discovered that, while the housewife might substitute a smooth, round bottle for a rolling pin, for example, or use a saucepot for a mixing bowl if she had to—the one tool for which there is no equivalent is just a plain knife. The housewife, like the trapper or the Scout, depends on a keen blade in order to produce a satisfying meal.

There are many demands put on the kitchen knife, and the same one will not serve for different kinds of work. Kitchen cutlery should be chosen with as much care and discrimination as a mechanic chooses his tools. A knife for slicing cold meats should have a long, flexible blade with a diagonal point which will draw easily back through the food mass and permit the slices to be of wafer thinness.

On the other hand, a blade for cutting into hot roasts which offer more resistance, should be of heavier steel, and with a pointed tip which will allow more purchase or angle of pressure from the hand, in order to force it through heavier food tissues.

The knife for general utility should have a stocky blade, not over six inches in length, and a point such as will enable the knife to get the meat off from around the bones, or remove food from other difficult places. Watch your butcher next time you ask for a rolled roast, and see the type of short and tipped blade he uses so effectively to "bone the roast." Perhaps you can even jolly him into giving you such a knife, or letting you buy one from him.

The blade for a paring knife should be about four inches long, and curved or hook-pointed at the end in order to fit the eyes of potatoes and the other depressions, and uneven places in fruits and vegetables.

A bread knife is probably the one least often selected correctly. Too many kitchens have never owned a genuine bread knife, which is characterized by a wavy, serrated or saw-like edge. It is impossible to cut bread well and evenly with a straight-bladed knife.

It was doubtless because women for so long failed to have satisfactory bread knives in their own kitchens that the vogue for sliced bread became so popular. Both bread and cake knives must be flexible, and rapier-like, with a wavy edge which distributes weight as the knife is pushed through the food—thus cutting without crushing or smashing down the slice.

Every good knife has balance. Extend your forefinger tip and lay a knife on it at the juncture of blade and handle. If the knife is scientifically correct, it should balance like a butterfly on the tip of your finger. A poorly designed knife will weigh down on one side, and hence will never cut so effectively, but always in clumsy fashion.

Do not select knives whose blades are fastened down with rivets. Select those with smooth, comfortably rounded handles or those of synthetic rubber, soft and hand fitting. Do not buy too many knives.

Last, give those you do buy the best care. All knives should be hung up or placed so their edges are separate, when not in use. Keep them in a rack, or a strap-band in which each knife may have its own special place. Above all, never leave good blades in the kitchen drawer where they will be knocked and dulled by the can-opener and the applecorer.

Good cutlery and knives are good kitchen servants. Treat them as well as you expect them to serve you.

Gorgeous Lemon Pie Filling

WITHOUT COOKING

Eagle Brand

MAGIC LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon
½ teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book.) Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill before serving.

● Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie filling the old way again! But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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